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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. THE actual end, or at least suspension, of the unprecedented and, let us hope, never to be paralleled Session of 1893 came yesterday week in both Houses with little more than formal proceedings. Nothing else happened in the Upper House at all; and in the Lower little more than a complaint of Mr. MACDONALD'S about casks and coopers, which was received with respectful sympathy, and a complaint of Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT'S about Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, which was not.

Mr. Gladstone For the first time within our memory, a set speech of Mr. GLADSTONE'S—made at Edinburgh on Wednesday—was not described by his supporters as “magnificent,” as “splendid,” or even as “great.” Indeed, it seems to have been regarded as rather disappointing, at which we do not wonder. For the hearers came, it seems, expecting to hear how the House of Lords was to be quailed, crushed, concluded, and quelled, and they only heard a certain amount of abuse of it, a history of its shocking deeds in the past which was not much to the purpose, the old fallacy about its being unconstitutional for the Lords to force a dissolution, and something like an explicit confession that the Government intend to sit quiet under this slap, knowing that the country does not resent it, and hoping that they may get another which the country will resent. It was scarcely worth Mr. GLADSTONE'S while to interrupt his holiday for the mere purpose of this ingenuous and dignified confession. Of the unanswerable retort to his own pleas—“If this be so, “you have only got to go to the country and return “immensely strengthened”—he took, of course, no notice whatever.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. This day week Indian opinion was reported as being, on the whole, well satisfied with Sir HENRY NORMAN'S withdrawal. Coal strikes and Russian receptions occupied France. The *Valkyrie* had arrived safely in New York Harbour after a very bad passage. Argentina and Brazil were still convulsive and complicated.

It was announced on Monday morning that bombs had been thrown at Barcelona under the horses of Marshal MARTINEZ CAMPOS and his staff, unhorsing the Marshal, and wounding, but not seriously, him and divers other officers. The thrower was caught. Lord LANSDOWNE,

speaking at a dinner at Simla, had reviewed the condition of India in a tolerably sanguine manner; but the controversy about riots and the Cow Protection League was going on rather acrimoniously in the native papers. Sir MORTIMER DURAND'S Mission was being hospitably entertained at Jellalabad. The coal strikes in France were maintained, and those in Belgium spreading. Brazil and Argentina were still convulsed, and two war-ships in very different parts of the world, one Haytian, one Russian, were reported to have gone to the bottom, “with man and mouse,” in ways unexplained. M. GOBLET, the leader of the Extreme Left in the new French Chamber, had sketched a policy, intended, it may be supposed, to divide Radicals pure and simple and Radical Socialists as little as possible, but not likely to satisfy either the more moderate of the one party or the more extreme of the other.

We were told on Tuesday that a new monument had been begun to JOAN OF ARC at Vaucouleurs, and that the inhabitants of Carmaux had decided on a general strike, for the reason that “Carmaux must remain at “the head of the Socialist movement.” This does Carmaux much credit, and may be described as entirely worthy of the reasoning powers of Socialism generally. As the French nation possesses translations of the works of Sir WALTER SCOTT, the heroes of Carmaux may be invited to study the history of DUNCAN MCGRIE and his mare. That enterprising economist and his long-suffering beast also remained at the head of the food-sparing movement, with results. In Germany the EMPEROR had dealt a curious and characteristic rap to the knuckles of the quidnuncs. At the end of last week the news that he had sent a telegram to Prince BISMARCK in his illness had excited these excellent persons in a quite astonishing manner. It was all due to the solicitude shown by other princes; it meant a *rapprochement* between the EMPEROR and the ex-Chancellor; it was an answer to the Russo-French alliance—there was to be no more CAPRIVI, and so on. The *communiqué* of Monday, while containing some handsome expressions about the Prince, snubbed all these fancies severely, and ended with something more than a hint that, unless the supposed Bismarckian prints mended their manners, His Majesty could not so much as take account of the political existence, however he might admire the personal history, of such an undutiful politician. The Barcelona bomb turned out to have injured a larger

number both of soldiers and spectators than was at first thought, and one Civil Guard died. H.M.S. *Camperdown*, which appears to be something of a "rogue" ship, had stranded herself at Malta, when she was undocked after the repairs necessitated by the *Victoria* collision, and on being got off was with difficulty prevented from ramming the *City of Bombay*, which was near her. The Silver party in the United States Senate were "stonewalling" in a sadly obstructive manner, Argentina was topsy-turvy, and as to what was really happening in Brazil nobody could possibly tell.

On Wednesday morning the text of the much-talked-of telegrams between the German EMPEROR and Prince BISMARCK appeared. They were not uninteresting, the tone of gracious patronage in the EMPEROR's as to a very small boy who had been naughty but is ill, and that of undying resentment endeavouring to mask itself under decent gratitude in the Prince's, being very curious. The Argentine fleet had apparently decided that its neighbour and old comrade the Brazilian navy should not have all the fun to itself, and had been doing a little revolting, while it was thought it would do more. The part played in insurrections by these South American navies is rather noteworthy; for in the Old World, since the days of our own civil wars in the seventeenth century, navies have, as a rule, taken very little share in revolutions. Considerable damage had been done at Rio (from which, however, no direct telegraphic news came that was in any way trustworthy), and the monarchical intentions of Admiral DE MELLO were again loudly asserted. But it was doubted whether he would directly face the unpopularity of the rightful heiress, the Infanta YSABEL. Great preparations were said to be making in Mashonaland for the expected Matabele attack, and a thousand Boers had offered their services in return for land allotments. It is to be hoped that the Company's administrators have not forgotten their *ÆSOP*.

The foreign news of Thursday morning was less interesting. There was some sign of fresh trouble in Siam, but nothing else of much moment, it being impossible to unravel the confused accounts of chaotic fighting in Brazil and Argentina. An unpleasant proof, however, that there is fire as well as smoke there came in the news that an English bank clerk had been killed in the bombardment of Rio, which is, therefore, not imaginary by any means.

Nor was there very much in yesterday's intelligence, except the abstract of a very decided "letter to a friend," by President CLEVELAND, on the Silver question.

Politics out of Parliament. On Tuesday morning the House of Lords received notice of its doom at the hands of an Association for its abolition which had started under the patronage of Mr. CONYBEARE and the motto "Worth, not birth." This seems odd, for the birth of Mr. CONYBEARE is, we are sure, highly respectable; while the worth of Mr. CONYBEARE, in any terms expressing taste, judgment, good sense, good manners, good feeling, and worthy qualities generally, might be difficult to express without the use of zeros or minus quantities.

On Wednesday there was printed an address from the Liberal Churchmen's Union to Mr. GLADSTONE, condemning opposition to Home Rule, not merely as "showing distrust of the principles underlying democratic government," but as "being derogatory to the doctrine of the Incarnation." It is a pity that the Union did not also accuse it of "flying in the face of Providence"—a phrase about equally reasonable, but more familiar, and therefore less offensive. The signatures to this precious document include no clergyman of the slightest intellectual distinction, unless this be accorded to the Dean of WINCHESTER;

while the names of laymen known to anybody save their own friends are those of Mr. GEORGE RUSSELL (an official under Mr. GLADSTONE), Sir WALTER PHILLIMORE (whose gifts are certainly not political), Dr. NORMAN KERR, a well-known faddist, and Mr. A. G. SYMONDS, a professional agitator. Such is the strength of "the Liberal Churchmanship" which couples Home Rule and the Incarnation as objects of belief.

There has been much wrangling in Ireland this week among the Nationalists, not merely between Parnellites and anti-Parnellites, but between members of the latter section itself. Mr. HEALY on Wednesday freely criticized Mr. O'BRIEN, and elegantly described something he did not like in Mr. CONDON's remarks as "an infamous lie."

Speeches. The first "recess" speech of note was delivered by Mr. FOWLER at Wolverhampton, yesterday week. It was not—or, at least, was not apparently—intended to be of a strictly party character, inasmuch as the right honourable gentleman was presented with his own portrait for "Services to the town." But Mr. FOWLER, in eulogizing Local Government, and defending its crushing extravagance, went out of his way to repeat the stupid old Radical cry about the wicked expenditure of six hundred millions in the Napoleonic wars, which "no Government and no party would now repeat." If not, so much the worse for all Governments and all parties. Meanwhile let us, in our turn, repeat what is a known fact to persons less ignorant than Privy Councillors, that, putting aside those moral and heroic considerations which men like Mr. FOWLER may be incompetent to appreciate, every penny thus, and then, spent has come back with heavy interest to the nation in point of mere material gain. Lord ARMSTRONG, in an interesting and important speech on Thursday, declared against large battleships.

M. Zola on Anonymity in Journalism. M. ZOLA's expected deliverance to the Institute of Journalists on Anonymity was, as was to be expected, interesting and clever, and its tone was very good. As was also to be expected, it was penetrated throughout by that beautiful ignoring of esoteric fact and that bland assumption that the norm of the Boulevard is the norm of the world from which Frenchmen seldom free themselves. Of course Anonymity *v.* Signature is, in the Scotch phrase, a "ganging plea," and no wise man expects it to be soon settled. But it will certainly not be settled by assumptions that the anonymous writer is a machine at the bidding of his editor.

Congresses. As the Institute of Journalists had succeeded the British Association, so it was succeeded by the Associated Chambers of Commerce at Plymouth (under the presidency of Sir ALBERT ROLLIT), and by the Iron and Steel Institute at Darlington. At the Plymouth meeting on Wednesday Sir COURTENAY BOYLE attended and painted the present state of British trade in the best style of official rose-pink and sky-blue.

The Coal Strike. At the end of last week the strike was said to be going down; but the price of coal was still going up—cold comfort in cold weather.

There was much violent language from the miners' friends on Saturday and Sunday last, but nothing very noticeable otherwise. On Monday morning Mr. LIVESEY, who should know as much both about coal and about strikes as most men, criticized the proposed Coal Trust, and there was internal grumbling from the Miners' Federation. Mr. W. LEATHAM BRIGHT suggested sliding royalties, assuring us that the increment of a rise of prices would be gladly paid. We are not so sure of this, and the recent strike in South Wales under a sliding-wage scheme does not seem to bear Mr. BRIGHT out. The difficulty of a sliding scheme in rent and wages alike is that those who receive are always

quite willing to take the rise, but think the drop a sinful hardship; while those who pay are of the exactly contrary opinion.

A fresh manifesto from the Coal-owners vindicating their position appeared yesterday morning.

The London School Board. The Chairman of the London School Board, in a very elaborate and important statement on Thursday, accused Mr. ACLAND of meddling and muddling with Board Schools almost as much as with the Church institutions which are supposed to be the special care of that most pragmatical of Vice-Presidents.

Racing. After some weeks of racing, abundant enough in quantity, but not good enough in quality to be noticed here, the Manchester Meeting at the end of last week at last provided really good sport, in the results of which the Duke of PORTLAND, whose run of well-deserved luck had seemed a little to slacken this year, was particularly fortunate. Mrs. Butterwick won the De Trafford Handicap well, and Mr. ROSE's St. Hilaire (another child of St. Simon) beat Sempronius (with, it is true, nearly a stone to the good) in the chief two-year-old event, the Breeders' Foal Stakes. But the event of the meeting was the valuable Lancashire Plate, contested this day week by no meaner animals than La Flèche and Isinglass, with the Duke's very unlucky Raeburn and an outsider to make up the field. Had not Lord ROSEBURY withdrawn Ladas (otherwise the *Illuminata* colt), the race would have presented an almost unique struggle between the best four-year-old mare, the best three-year-old horse, and what some think the best two-year-old of either sex now on the turf. It was good enough, however, as it was, and Raeburn, the distance (a mile) just suiting him, and with sixteen pounds the better of La Flèche and ten of Isinglass, upset the odds laid on the Derby winner, and led him home by a length, with La Flèche pretty close up as third.

The First October Meeting at Newmarket provided on Tuesday and Wednesday a good deal of (chiefly two-year-old) racing of fair interest, but not many events which call for special remark. On Tuesday the Buckenham Stakes, though reduced to a match, made an interesting one between Bullingdon and Glare, the latter winning with fair ease. In the Boscawen Stakes the Duke of PORTLAND's Schoolbook was made a strong favourite, but quite disappointed her backers, and could only run third to Priestholme and Florizel II. On Wednesday in the Forty-fifth Triennial 20 to 1 was laid on Mr. ROSE's hitherto unlucky Ravensbury, who was not seriously opposed, and won as he chose. The chief race of the day, if not of the meeting, the Great Eastern Handicap, went to Mr. JOHNSTONE's Best Man.

On Thursday the other most important contest of the meeting, the October Handicap, was pretty well fought, though there were several scratchings, and General WILLIAMS's Pensioner won an excellent race from Esmond, Adoration, and three others.

Sculling. A race of some interest was rowed on Monday, for the Sculling Championship, between BUEAR, the holder, who has done something of late years to raise the deplorably sunk fame of English professional rowing, and a New Zealander of the name of SULLIVAN. It was supposed that BUEAR had the race pretty safe; but SULLIVAN, with the advantage of twelve years in youth and five inches in height, rowed him down without much difficulty, and won by five lengths.

Correspondence. Early in the week a letter of interest from the Duke of ARGYLL on the subject of Dr. BURDON SANDERSON's late presidential address at the British Association appeared; as well as the continuation of a correspondence between Mr. CHANNING, M.P.,

and the North-Western Railway men. These benighted persons think they know their own affairs best, and wish to manage them without the interference of a cast-iron Employers' Liability Bill. Mr. CHANNING, with that inimitable omniscience which is scarcely ever found except in one who is, or has been, a Radical don, and which seems to be born of the unnatural union of democratic beliefs and a liberal education, points out to them that they know nothing about it and he knows everything. Later, an ingenious person wanted to know why people in London do not get their coals direct from the collieries, as they do in Lancashire. The answer is recondite, but crushing—Because there are no collieries in London. So have we seen a domestic in the country descend into the garden to cut a cabbage, for the making of apple pies or other purpose, but in London await the arrival of the accursed middleman's agent, otherwise called the greengrocer's boy.

The Law Courts. Mr. SHELL, at Westminster Police Court yesterday week, very properly refused to sanction a performance in which a baby was to figure. "I don't care what you say; use a dummy," said this really worthy magistrate. There are perhaps fewer wise magistrates than there are babies in a given area; but, though all concerned combined to assure the "exlent beak" that the performance (one in which a trained collie was to set up a ladder and fetch the infant down it) involved no danger, that logical judge's answer was irresistible. The only additional interest possessed by the live over the dummy baby must lie in its danger, and amusements in which the danger of others provides the attraction are contrary to good morals and public welfare. The menaced baby was the subject of a fresh application to Mr. SHELL on Monday. A child of less tender years was now suggested to the magistrate, but he was still obdurate. —A youthful Anarchist on Tuesday "expropriated," as he was pleased to say, a tray of diamond rings from a jeweller's window, "on strictly Anarchist principles." These tedious young fools!

At the Central Criminal Court on Wednesday the gang of fraudulent dealers in bills of exchange, into whose proceedings there has been inquiry for so long, were all found guilty, though not on all counts, and were sentenced to terms of penal servitude and imprisonment varying from five years to seven months.

If, as reported, a Coroner, last Thursday, intimated his opinion that "*Der Arme Teufel*" (*sic*) means "The Devil's Army," it would seem desirable that a slight examination in the commoner European tongues should henceforth qualify for the administration of Crowner's Quest law.

Miscellaneous. M. ZOLA and M. MAGNARD, being entertained at dinner by the Institute of Journalists this day week, spoke very agreeably, M. ZOLA not being in the mood of *Mes Haines* at all, but advocating a sinking of "schools" in the commonwealth of literature. *A la bonne heure!* On Thursday in this week M. ZOLA was again entertained by the Authors' Club.—Lord ROBERTS was presented with the freedom of the Borough of Inverness on Monday, and Sir JOHN GILBERT with that of the City of London on Tuesday.

Obituary. Mr. THOMAS HAWKSLEY had probably made more waterworks (to speak of that department of engineering only) than any other man in the world.—Captain GAMMELL, who died at Bath last week within four years of his century, was believed to be the senior surviving officer who had served in the Peninsula.—Mr. BENJAMIN WHITWORTH was a great "captain of industry" and a very rich man. He was also remarkable for having the good sense, after being an "advanced Liberal" all his life, to decline "advancing" to Home Rule. The fact was that, to

adopt Lord ROSEBERY's formula, he knew too much of Ireland, and Ireland knew too much of him; for he had represented and contested various Irish constituencies, and "knew the bird intimately."—In Mr. ALBERT MOORE English painting has lost a man, not, perhaps, of gigantic force or originality, but of a most delicate and exquisite gift, which met with too little appreciation at the hands, not merely of the Academy and the public, but even of the critics and the lovers of art who are not critics. The combined grace and truth of his drawing were unexcelled, and in certain faint shades of colour neither old nor young masters could touch him.

Books. After an unusually prolonged and unusually unrelieved dead season, books of importance have once more begun to issue from the press in some numbers. The chief of those which have appeared during the present week were the first two volumes of Dr. LIDDON's long-expected *Life of Pusey* (LONGMANS), conducting the history down to the great catastrophe of the NEWMAN secession; Mr. SELOUS's *Travel and Adventure in South-East Africa* (ROWLAND WARD), containing some account of the founding of the British South Africa Company, and many wonderful histories of lion-slaying; a reissue of the late Lord LYTON's *Wanderer* (LONGMANS), which in its original form has long been out of print, and which contains, perhaps, his best work in lyric; and the first volume of a new collection of Mr. HUXLEY's essays, under the title of *Method and Results* (MACMILLAN).

MR. GLADSTONE AT EDINBURGH.

IT cannot be pretended even by Mr. GLADSTONE's most infatuated devotees that there has been much curiosity to hear what he had to say last Wednesday in his very "flying" visit to his constituents. In the first place, he had, of course, to a large extent satisfied any such feeling on the part of the public by mere delay in breaking silence. Everybody knew that, if he had had any strong card to play in reply to the House of Lords, he would not have kept it so long in his hand. But it would be useless to pretend that this is the only reason why Mr. GLADSTONE's next utterances were awaited with something like general indifference. The PRIME MINISTER, though it is the cue of the political intriguer who use him to ignore the fact which most of them are much too acute not to have perceived, has all but lost his power of appeal to even the intellectual interest of the great majority of his educated countrymen. Before the decay of that oratory, in which nothing now survives save fluency without fertility, vehemence without force, and sophistry without art, his bitterest opponents always looked forward to a speech of Mr. GLADSTONE's at a great political crisis as to something which contained the certainty of an intellectual treat and the possibility of a political surprise. It is only the self-seeking sycophants by whom he is surrounded who would deny that this has long ceased to be the case; that nothing remains to Mr. GLADSTONE of the orator, except that mere unending flux of words which arouses the gaping wonder of the ignorant; and that, for the rest, he has lost the admiration of intelligent critics of political oratory as completely as he has outlived the respect of honest men.

To have expected anything from Mr. GLADSTONE in the present instance which should revive either of these emotions would have been to court disappointment. His speech at Edinburgh last Wednesday was as long and wordy as ever, but it lacked both the dexterity of the controversialist and the authority of the leader. After three weeks' study of the situation, Mr. GLADSTONE presents himself to the public with a

speech which might have been written for him by Mr. SCHNADHORST, and delivered before a meeting of the National Liberal Federation. To anything so poor in point of argument, so clumsy in rhetorical artifice, so destitute of conviction, even in its political menace, Mr. GLADSTONE himself, in all the desperate straits in which he has found himself during the past Session, has never yet descended. He did not apparently even perceive the necessity of avoiding the Schnadhorstian bathos of tacking on a hypothetical threat to a categorical denunciation. He enlarged as expansively as the Federation themselves on the iniquity of the House of Lords in rejecting the Home Rule Bill; but arrived just as lamely at the impotent conclusion that their punishment is to be indefinitely deferred, and that when it does come it is to be something dreadful, though he does not exactly know what. His official trumpeter in the London press assures us that his speech will "spread consternation among the enemies of progress, but will inspire and delight every Liberal in the land." And this is the sort of thing that is to do it:—"The Lords knew that the question of the government of Ireland was before them. I am not so entirely sure that they knew that there might be before them another question—namely, that of their own independent and irresponsible existence. Gentlemen, if it should ever happen, in the vicissitudes and complications of political affairs, that the House of Lords, by some accidental or collateral process, should be the means of bringing about a dissolution, you may depend upon it that the people will not consider the question of Irish Government alone, but will mix up with it a question of which the House of Lords may bitterly, when too late, lament that they ever raised the issue." What a clarion-note of defiance to be sure! But is it quite as stirring—as it certainly is not quite so concise—as Down with the House of Lords?

Even the irrelevancies of Mr. GLADSTONE's speech were not well found. He surely might have done better than rehearse the stale Radical stuff about the number of times in which the House of Lords have set themselves against "the will of the nation," and been overborne; as if the fact that they know both how to resist and how to yield were not, from the Liberal point of view, the best possible defence of their existence as a Second Chamber; as if, indeed, it were not what an effective Second Chamber means, and how every modern constitution-maker in the world has always intended such an institution to work. Mr. GLADSTONE, we presume, is not disposed to admit that the veto of the House of Lords ought to be any more than "suspensive," and yet he expended nearly a quarter of his speech in expatiating indignantly on the fact that that House has dared again and again to employ a suspensive veto which has had no other result than to suspend. Part of this oratorical inconsequence is very likely deliberate—a calculated attempt to confuse the issue he was discussing—part of it, but not all. For Mr. GLADSTONE in these latter days has to a great extent fallen a victim to his own arts. He has talked so long off the matter for the purpose of mystifying audiences that now in the failure of his powers his own points escape him. He hardly bestowed more than half a dozen sentences on the real thesis before him, which has nothing in the world to do with the question whether the House of Lords are right or wrong in their view of the Home Rule Bill, but whether they are or are not justified in insisting that it should be submitted to the constituencies. It is true that this is an almost desperate question for Mr. GLADSTONE to approach, or, at any rate, that it is a much more eligible one to run away from; but, still, it is necessary at least to pretend to tackle it, and in his earlier and better days Mr. GLADSTONE, if he did not see his way to doing so in reality, would have simply

smothered it under such a heap of verbiage that only the clearer-headed portion of his audience would have been able to tell whether he had tackled it or not. As it was, he handled it with a brevity which, in him, is alone calculated to excite suspicion. Upon the crucial question whether the Home Rule Bill came to the House of Lords with or without the endorsement of the electorate he has only a sentence or two to spare; though it is true they are pregnant enough, for each of them contains a falsehood. He states that the Peers have pronounced against the "principle" of granting self-government to Ireland in strictly Irish affairs; while what they have condemned is the principle of a Bill which grants a particular kind of self-government to Ireland, not by any means confined even nominally to strictly Irish affairs, and extending far beyond them in actual fact. He avers that, "with a single exception, the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland never showed the least disposition to go into its details"—a statement which we leave it to Mr. ASQUITH to correct. And, lastly, of the exception—which, in spite of the slovenly arrangement of the sentence, refers to the "details," not "the people of England, Scotland, and Ireland," and is, in fact, the retention of the Irish members at Westminster—Mr. GLADSTONE actually has the hardihood to allege that, "with regard to that we carefully conformed to the will of the country, and the country knew that we conformed to its wish." To its wish that there should be eighty Irish members admitted to Westminster to take cognizance of Imperial affairs alone? Or to intermeddle also in English and Scotch affairs? Which? Did the country desire the former of these arrangements or the latter? If the former, why has it not been given what it wanted? If the latter, why did Mr. GLADSTONE propose in the original draft of the Bill to give it the former?

Controversial difficulties—and it is a somewhat ominous sign—are apparently beginning to fail of their former inspiration for Mr. GLADSTONE. Otherwise he might well have been fired by the challenge to show that the country has approved of his Home Rule Bill, when he has really introduced three, all differing in particulars of the highest importance from each other. Yet even this stimulating task he approached with a certain languor, and with anything, apparently, but an adequate conception of its bearing upon his case against the House of Lords. For, strange as it may appear, he still seems to cling to the idea of making out a certain case against that House. He is not content—partly, perhaps, through the survival of old traditions—to confine himself, like the SCHNADHORSTS and SPENCE WATSONS, *e tutti quanti*, to mere bawl and bluster. He would like to show, if he could, that the Lords have deserved to have a "mend-or-end" agitation got up against them; and in the last resort he endeavours to sustain this position by what is surely the most grotesque argument ever pressed into its service. "If a majority of the House of Commons is to be punished for misinterpreting the judgment of the country, why," he asks, "is not the House of Lords to be punished when it misinterprets the judgment of the country?" There are many answers to this ingenuous question; but perhaps it may suffice to point out this slight difference between the cases, that the effects of the one mistake are positive, and the other negative; and that, when it becomes the custom to inflict as severe a legal penalty for abstention from a virtuous action as for the commission of a crime, we may begin to think of visiting the absolutely trivial and promptly remediable error of delaying the enactment of a good law with the same punishment as the grave and irreparable fault of passing a bad one.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

THE Church Congress of 1893 at Birmingham will not meet under the recent influence of any notable event like the Lincoln Judgment. It will meet under the loom of an outrageous attempt to tear away four bishoprics from the Church of England; but this is only unofficially imminent, and the Congress does not apparently devote any very special attention to it. We should be rather glad to see a more definite offensive-defensive tone assumed, at least to the extent adopted by the Bishops of OXFORD and PETERBOROUGH in their respective addresses to their Diocesan Conferences this week. It may be that in Birmingham it is thought well not to do this; but experience does not, to our thinking, support the view that transaction or silence is possible, or, if attempted, profitable, in such matters. "He that is not with me is against me" is the safest motto, and it can, we think, hardly be denied that defence against Disestablishment is the first thought nowadays of every Churchman who deserves the name. Many of the subjects which will occupy the Congress are but amiable fads or harmless domestic details, somewhat resembling the famous question whether it is time "to move from the blue bed to the brown." Some, such as the proposal to receive Dissenting ministers without ordination, strike at the catholic and canonical existence of the National Church altogether. But prior to them all comes the question whether there is any longer to be a house with any beds blue or brown in it, a National Church (as distinguished from a sect among sects, or a mission *in partibus infidelium*) at all.

There is, however, plenty of good matter in the programme, and there are plenty of good names for the handling of the matter. It was probably impossible that, in the diocese of Worcester, the corporate reunion question should not come on. We hope that respect for the President of the Congress and the Bishop of the diocese will not induce any one to countenance the mischievous fads of Lucerne; and that, if the Archbishop of DUBLIN puts forward these views in reference to Spanish Protestants, the carrying out of which not long ago led to the scandals of Madrid, polite but decided disapprobation will reward his well-intentioned but most ill-judged efforts. It is of the very essence of a National Church to abstain from intruding into the province of other National Churches; and we cannot see with what face an Anglican bishop can denounce the invasion of the Roman Church in England if he patronizes ecclesiastical filibusters in Spain. The Parish Councils Bill, with the possibility of an impudent attack on Church property; the probability, to say nothing more, of its results being utilized by Dissenting ministers to make the parson half a cipher and half a whipping-post in his village, and the certainty that some Conservative leaders are anxious to better the great example of Free Education by deprecating opposition to the measure, should give a lively subject. A rather interesting, and perhaps rather burning, question is that of Foreign Missions, in which there is very much room for effecting some improvement, and which has come very much to the fore of late both in Africa and in China. Our old friends "Science and Faith" are certainly safe as far as moderate and rational treatment goes in the hands of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH, Sir GEORGE STOKES, Professor BONNEY, and Dr. LAUDER BRUNTON; but whether any one of these will have the courage, or will consider it judicious, to carry the question up to that higher ground on which for all logical thinkers it has no difficulties whatever, we cannot presume to say. Cremation is a subject which, we have never quite known why, is apt to generate heat, as well as to concern one particular use

of that "mode of motion," and whoever occupies the chair on this occasion may possibly need the qualities of chairmanship. The same may, perhaps, be said of whosoever presides at the discussion of the Observance-of-Sunday question—an excessively difficult and thorny one. Employers and employed will, of course, be as much with us as they usually are nowadays, and it is to be hoped that rant and cant, the two great dangers of this subject, will be avoided. Lay work, Home Missions, extension of the episcopate will all receive, as they undoubtedly all deserve, attention.

It cannot, however, be too often repeated (though it is necessary to repeat it, with apparently monotonous uniformity, as often as these Congresses come round) that the special subjects and the special expression of opinion on them which may come forward at each gathering do not constitute, or even very greatly condition, their importance. That importance lies in the increased interest and feeling of communion which they give to those Churchmen who take part in them, in the opportunities of hearing and exchanging views and sentiments, both between clergy and laity and between different classes and kinds of both. Such Congresses have, of course, no legislative or synodical character; and we should think it a grave misfortune if they had. But they supply just the opportunities of comparison and discussion of individual act and thought which are needed to prevent stagnation on the one hand, or unhealthily concentrated activity of cliques or persons on the other, in a body which is, on the whole, cast in pretty strait lines, and which we ourselves should be very sorry to see cast in looser lines.

REMEDIES FOR ANGLERS.

IN a recent article on "Highland Fishing Inns" we spoke of the innumerable rods which may be seen at every railway station as emblems of hope unfulfilled. They invite the notice of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER; a slight tax on fishing-rods might be remunerative. This, however, is a separate question; we are concerned to discover any means by which the angler might have a chance of sport. This year, of course, his hopes and performances are at a very low ebb. For some unknown reason Loch Leven has done very well; and, in July, there was good sea-trout fishing in some strictly preserved Highland lochs. But the drought has perhaps made the salmon weary of waiting at the mouths of the nearly extinct rivers, and has made salmon-fishing much of a farce. Droughts are beyond cure, and over-fishing is, of course, incurable in open waters. With seven boats on a sea-trout loch which has hardly accommodation for one, in daily use, comparative failure is inevitable. The traveller by railway finds that the upper streams of Tweed, and Clyde, and even of remote burns, positively bristle with rods. Now any one can try the effect of all this, by fishing one good pool thrice, in rapid succession. The open waters are daily fished, perhaps thirty times. Naturally the trout are alarmed. On a certain club water in Hants a big trout has been seen to hurry away, with every sign of alarm, from a *natural* fly, which floated towards him! The over-fishing has reached the most inaccessible lochs and brooks, and, even were there no yearly slaughter of gravid fish in winter, would necessarily spoil the sport.

In the *Field* were recently reported the exploits of two anglers on Loch Blankie—why should we give the real name of this beautiful sheet of water? The fishers had each a boat; each took two rods, one for trolling, the other a fly-rod. Each fished for four days, and in four days twelve trout, of the average weight of half a pound, were captured.

Probably the expenses, exclusive of hotel bills, were about six pounds, or ten shillings for each half-pound trout. Now, this kind of thing is always going on, and it seems likely enough that even hope will soon cease to be found in the bottom of the creel. The modern angler in Scotland keeps the tiniest fish. They all count, in weight or number, in a "competition." In the *Fishing Books* in some Highland inns is written a melancholy appeal to anglers. The lochs are being "fished out," we read, and sportsmen are pathetically implored not to keep trout under six inches in length! The appeal falls on deaf ears; the poor little finny innocents are massacred. Thus all conspire against the honourable angler. Dynamite, netting, the wholesale clearing out of burns, the regular murder in winter of all spawning fish that ascend the small tributaries, the over-fishing, the "scringing" of salmon on the coasts, the holiday slaughter of the innocents—all these things combine to keep creels empty and hearts low. People will assuredly begin to find out that angling is a mere waste of money, time, temper, and labour. Then fishing inns will be unoccupied; the goose that laid the golden eggs—the hope of trout, that is—will have been slain. And now there is only one very partial remedy for all this; and that is the artificial restocking of lochs every year. Already, of course, the Loch Leven Company scientifically stocks its waters; as a result, the most severely fished of all Scotch lakes is also by far the best of those on which a casual angler—no millionaire—may throw a fly. The drawback is that nobody, except owners of fishing inns, has any pecuniary interest in restocking lochs. On the Kennet, on the other hand, some proprietors scientifically restock their water yearly, although the number of trout to be taken on one day is limited, and all fish under a pound or a pound and a half are returned to the stream. If these precautions are necessary on preserved waters little fished, much more is restocking needed in lochs where tourists flog all day, and keep every tiny fish they catch. It is certain that the waters must be artificially replenished (as a few of them already are) if the sport of angling is to go on existing. The most patient of men will kick at last if he has to pay ten shillings and work ten hours for a half-pound trout. This delightful reward does not fall to the "duffer" alone. Let Sir EDWARD GREY or Mr. MARSTON fish Loch Blankie, and we undertake to eat all they catch.

THE RADICAL SOCIALIST IN FRANCE.

UNLESS M. DUPUY feels a degree of confidence in himself and his majority not justified by generally known facts, he must be somewhat disquieted by M. GOBLET's speech at Saint-Mandé. The leader of the Radical Socialists not only showed himself very capable of discharging that elementary duty of his office, the sketching of a programme which is at once appetizing and reasonably elastic, he posed with some judgment as a typical Radical, and he seized with some dexterity on the most important current "actuality," and made capital out of it for his party. If M. CARNOT and the Ministry are of opinion that they will be allowed to monopolize the advantage of possessing Russian sailors, on whose neck it will be possible for a patriotic politician to fall with a noble effusion, they are likely to find themselves grievously mistaken. M. GOBLET has fixed the eye of an alert Radical Socialist on those mariners who come from a far countree. He has already made use of them to point a moral, and it is eminently unlikely that he will be content to stop there. Of course he may be unable to get at them. It is very possible that, in the general rush which will be made on those intrepid

men, a large proportion of their hospitable entertainers will not be able to do more than catch a passing glimpse of the "oofs of the 'osses." But it is certain that when "a manifestation of such importance to the most sacred interests of France" is about to be made, no Frenchman who respects himself will fail to manifest with might and main. M. GOBLET, for his part, will take care that the Radical Socialist is on the spot, in sufficient force to leave no doubt as to his estimate of the sacred interests.

For the present he has only dragged in the Russian sailor, as one might say, by the collar of his jumper, in order to prove that France is deluded if she imagines that she possesses a Republican Government. Anybody who wonders how the presence of a Russian sailor can prove the absence of a Republic does not sufficiently realize the subtle workings of French logic. M. GOBLET has no difficulty. We are about, he says, to witness a manifestation of such importance to the sacred, &c., and the Chamber of Deputies is absolutely not in Session. The elect of the nation are to be absent on this manifestation of, &c. But this is only consistent with all the rest. The Chamber of Deputies has not yet met since the General Election, and the country is left entirely without protection against the PRESIDENT and his Ministers. Where this is possible there can, in M. GOBLET'S opinion, be no true Republic, only the mere sham and outside of one. We look forward to seeing M. GOBLET hasten to show how a Republic ought to be represented the very moment the Russian sailor heaves in sight. However moderate the measure of success which he attains in that effort may be, he unquestionably expressed the feelings of the typical French Radical when he declared that the government of the country by the country is a mere figure of speech as long as a President and his Ministers are trusted for weeks together out of sight of the elect of the people. A legislative chamber in perpetual session, interfering at every moment with the administration, and keeping up a brisk rotation of offices, is their notion of the government of the country by the country. Of late years the Radicals have gone very near to attain it. M. GOBLET expresses a quite cheerful confidence that the party will repeat its successes under his leadership. It is true that he is prepared for some changes of method. After dropping a decorous tear over M. CLÉMENTEAU, he said good-bye to Republican concentration. In future M. GOBLET is prepared to see the Radical party act with the Socialists alone, and he is ready with a programme for their use.

The programme has been somewhat cavalierly pooh-poohed by the Opportunists and Moderates, on the ground that it is incoherent. Severe consistency is, in fact, not its distinguishing feature. As a Radical Socialist, M. GOBLET is a great admirer of private property and most anxious to extend it; but at the same time he desires to see the State intervene on behalf of the weak and the unhappy (a harmless but elastic formula), and more especially to see it exercise a severe control over those "public services which are dis-charged by great Companies less in the general interest than for their own profit." It is easy to demonstrate that this policy ought to satisfy neither one side nor the other, neither those who are nor those who are not Socialists. One of the lights of that party, M. GUESDE, has indeed hastened to condemn the Radical programme, which he describes as no more capable of satisfying the just claims of the people than a painted coach and horses on a sign can carry them through the streets. But M. GOBLET'S trimming manifesto is none the less well adapted to win support. It gives assurances to the peasant proprietors and small *rentiers*, the two most important classes in France, and at the same time it appeals to the many persons who think that a joint-stock Com-

pany is fair booty. The Radicals may not impossibly recruit a considerable amount of support among the two hundred new Deputies of whom M. GOBLET spoke, if they come forward with a long list of measures to confer old-age pensions, or to tax gas, coal-mining, and railway Companies "in the general interest." They will have the support of the Socialists and of all those who believe that it is absolutely necessary to propitiate Socialism. With such a policy they may possibly, or even easily, succeed in dividing the far from solid majority of the Ministry, and may thereby re-establish the supremacy of the Radicals in the Chamber.

One of the first efforts of the Radical Socialists when the Chamber meets will almost certainly be to attack the Ministry for the line it has taken during the present partial strike of the coal-miners. It is one of the signs of the amusing thoroughness with which the French throw themselves into an enthusiasm that M. DUPUY'S Ministry is generally understood to have excused itself for discharging the elementary duties of a Government by pleading the necessity for maintaining order during the visit of the Russian sailors. These representatives of a great and friendly nation run some risk of being quoted into an insufferable bore. For the moment their feet have been blessed in bringing peace and security to the French miners who have refused to be bullied into leaving work at the orders of the Union. The attempted strike in the French mining districts has been one of the most impudently and foolishly wasteful things of its wasteful and foolish kind. The resolution of the mass meeting at Carmaux is a fair statement of the avowed motives of the leaders of most of these movements. The meeting of glassworkers, miners, and other workmen of that home of strikes voted that they must strike again, not because they have any grievance to allege, but because Carmaux, with its CALVIGNAC, must always be at the head of the Socialist movement. Somebody else has struck, and so must we, appears to be the advanced workman's confession of faith. It would be absurd if it stood alone; but it is joined with the other and much more mischievous doctrine that every striker must be allowed to compel others to strike. At the Anzin mine there has been a determined effort to carry this rule of Unionist tyranny into effect. The majority of the miners have shown no wish to strike. The Union men, encouraged by the strike in England, have made an attempt to bully the Company, and to dictate the terms on which it shall hire its men, after the fashion of our own Unions. M. DUPUY'S Cabinet has, encouraged by the coming of the Russian sailors, plucked up spirit to put a stop to this tyranny by the obvious and simple process of sending down a sufficient force of soldiers and police to keep order. The result has been that the strike has been on the whole a failure. In Belgium the mining Companies are enabled, by the folly of our own Federation, to offer higher wages, and the men who have gone on strike in the Borinage are returning to work. This is unquestionably a defeat for the Socialist leaders, and for the moment stands to the credit of M. DUPUY. When the Chamber meets they will be all the more disposed to help the Radicals in attacking him, and, as the Russian sailors will then be gone, it is possible that they may do something effectual. The belief that workmen engaged in defending the cause of the weak and unhappy by coercing other workmen into idleness must be tenderly dealt with is quite sufficiently rooted to supply M. GOBLET with a reinforcement from M. DUPUY'S majority.

M. ZOLA'S VISIT.

IT would argue no excessive cynicism in an observer of the reception given to M. ZOLA in this country if he were to find something more than a suspicion of self-advertisement among its organizers, and a somewhat strong dash of "bell-wetherism" among the organized. No doubt it is quite right and proper that English men of letters should agree to sink their differences of opinion as to the principle and methods of M. ZOLA's art, and to unite in offering a cordial welcome to one whose personal and official claims to it stand so high as those of a President of the Société des Gens de Lettres who is also the foremost of French novelists, not to say the most prominent figure in the literature of European fiction. But then, unfortunately, it was not until last Thursday, almost at the close of our distinguished visitor's stay among us, that English men of letters had any say in the matter of entertaining him. For the rest of the time he was, naturally enough, no doubt, receiving the exclusive attentions of those who were formally, at any rate, his special hosts. That is to say, an eminent foreign writer who has long ceased to be a practical journalist was being fêted and "addressed" and generally "put through" by a body which, among its titles, however valid they may otherwise be, to represent English journalism, does not seem to include that of numbering, at any rate, among its active and working members many who can pretend to eminence in their vocation. As to the dignified outsiders—City magnates and others—who joined in the welcome, their participation in it, considering the view which they conceive it their duty to take in their magisterial character of the English versions of many of M. ZOLA's works, was of so grotesque an incongruity as to detract materially from the grace of the compliment. In short, it is a pity that, if it was desired to do honour in England to this remarkable man, his reception was not organized and conducted by at least a few of those persons in this country who, unlike the singular Reception Committee and its Chairman, have some sort of claim to be regarded as his *confrères*.

However, we do not suppose that our visitor, happy to that extent in his total ignorance of England and things English, has had any worse time of it on this account. So far as can be learnt, he has found his visit most enjoyable and stimulating, and has not been troubled by any misgivings as to the representative character of his entertainers. It is rather we who have suffered from the circumstance of his being the guest of the Institute of Journalists; since it is to that circumstance, no doubt, that we owe the selection by M. ZOLA of a subject for discourse on which we hear him less gladly than we should have heard him on others more peculiarly his own. Not, of course, that there was any lack of interest in his paper on Anonymity in Journalism, or that one fails to find in it plenty of evidence of the keen observation and the lucidity of presentation which distinguish the best work of the famous novelist. But, as a matter of fact, the subject is too familiar to us, on its English side, and, so far at least as political journalism is concerned, has been too exhaustively threshed out, to leave us much to learn about it; while, even as to the French side of it, M. ZOLA's information, though, of course, fuller, is not, it would seem, complete. The genius of the people, whether French or English, does not count for so much in determining the character of their respective systems of journalism as M. ZOLA's address assumed; while the interferences of authority, either of the legislative or the administrative order, count for considerably more than M. ZOLA allowed. It is, therefore, going a little too far to say, without qualification, that newspaper articles are signed in France for the same reason that makes them anonymous in Eng-

land—namely, because the newspaper reader prefers to have it so. There is some reason for supposing that a good many contributions to the French press would be unsigned if the French law permitted it, and, what is more, that, except in the case of a very few well-known and approved journalists, the French public would find just as much or as little attraction in their newspaper if all signatures disappeared from its pages to-morrow.

As regards the relative advantages of the two systems, M. ZOLA's comparison between them suffers not a little, in point of historical completeness, from his neglect of the fact that the French newspaper is not in our (which, after all, is the etymological) sense of the word a newspaper at all. Hence, from the reasons why the French journal cannot secure to itself a large and regular public of readers, whose political views it might reflect, and to some extent mould, the most important has been omitted altogether. It is giving but a partial explanation of this to refer it to the fact that our politics divide our people mainly into two great parties, each large enough to support several great and powerful newspapers, while French politics divide Frenchmen into a multitude of groups incapable of maintaining journals of a standing and influence equal to our own. Such an explanation loses sight of the vital fact that the English newspaper mainly depends for its circulation on its excellence as a purveyor of news; or, in other words, that the extent of its political influence is to a large extent determined by conditions which, on the other side of the Channel, can scarcely be said to exist. And their absence necessarily affects the value, if not the possibility, of any such comparison as M. ZOLA has endeavoured to institute between the journalism of one country and that of the other.

THE NAVAL VICIOUS CIRCLE.

LORD ARMSTRONG'S speech at the yearly meeting of his Company at Newcastle-on-Tyne contained a very interesting passage on what may be called the vicious circle to which the Admiralty (and the naval departments of most other countries) is committed by the rivalry between cannon-founders and mechanicians. The first makes a gun to pierce the ship, the second makes a ship to resist the gun. The first replies with a bigger gun, the second rejoins with a bigger ship—and so it goes on till even Lord ARMSTRONG has to fall back on that desperate plea of puzzled mankind, and confess that he does not know where it is going to end. If an enemy's shot are to be kept out, the sides must be made very strong. The sides cannot be made strong enough all over without rendering the ship incapable of floating. So you armour only a part. But if you armour too little the ship may be put out of action by the destruction of the unarmoured parts, and the protected portion can only be largely increased by greatly increasing the size of the ship; but, if you greatly increase the size of the ship, you cannot manage it without the aid of innumerable complicated machines—and only the devil knows what complicated machinery means. It goes the wrong way, or jams, or stands stock still at a pinch, and hangs H.M.S. *Camperdown* up by the nose in Valletta—nobody can tell why.

If this enormous increase in the size of ships and guns were accompanied by any proportionate superiority of power to injure and resist, there would be some compensation for their portentous cost and for the risk run by putting all our eggs in one basket. But it is notorious that this is not the case. The most effectual weapon these monsters carry—or what passed for that—namely, their ram, cannot be used without deadly injury to themselves. H.M.S. *Camperdown*

would have had her whole bows wrenched off if she had rammed the *Victoria* in real battle. She all but went down as it was. Not only are these big vessels liable to injury by their own weapons, but they are every whit as vulnerable as ships not half their size. In the days of wooden war-ships it was calculated that a seventy-four under command, and able to use all her guns, was a match for a whole squadron of frigates. She could sink any one of them by a single broadside, while no one of them could do as much by her. In the few cases in which frigates did tackle liners without smarting for it, the reason was that the state of the weather did not allow the big ships to fight their lower-deck guns. This was what happened when Sir EDWARD PELLEW, with the help of one other frigate of the Western Squadron, drove the *Droits de l'homme* ashore. But in modern times it is far from certain that the bigger ship would have anything approaching to the same superiority. Putting the torpedo out of the question (which is exactly where many believe that that elaborate toy will spend the more part of its time in the next great war), the great battle-ships have no longer the liner's superiority in guns. The 110-ton or the 67-ton gun may, with luck and great good management, sink a vessel carrying 29-ton guns. But then it is far from proved that the 29-ton gun could not sink the ship carrying the 67-ton. That being so, what is the advantage of building colossal ships to carry the 67-ton gun? That two vessels bearing the same proportion of mere size to a first-class battle-ship that PELLEW's frigate and her consort bore to the *Droits de l'homme* would now have a very fair chance of knocking her to pieces in a fair sea and with no favour seems to be generally allowed. If that is so, there does not appear to be any substantial reason for wasting money on monster ships to carry gigantic guns, whose quality appears to be this—that, when they do hit, they smash their target three times, where once would be quite enough. It is interesting to find Lord ARMSTRONG protesting against the gigantic ships. He has never been a partisan of theirs; but, for all that, it is satisfactory to hear him condemn them on general grounds—and we could wish that he would take occasion to repeat the condemnation in the House of Lords. His help will be all the more welcome because he is the most distinguished member of the class to whom we owe the so-called powerful, but in reality most fragile, battle-ships of the first size. They are the invention of founders and mechanics and experimental inventors—all three working in back-rooms and on paper, and all three absolutely incapable of realizing the conditions of war.

AMUSING CURIOSITIES OF ANCIENT DRILL.

HOWEVER ready we moderns are to laugh and sneer at the practices and systems of our ancestors, especially as regards mechanical appliances of all kinds, we are, at the same time, only too apt to forget that the very thing which now raises a broad smile was, two centuries ago, the very best of its kind perhaps, and extolled in the highest degree as a piece of perfection, a very triumph of the mechanism of that period, quite as much as our breech-loaders, magazine-rifles, and electric telegraphs are at the present day. But who shall pretend to say what may be thought of even these, wonders as they now undoubtedly are, in the year of grace 2091? To be sure, mechanics of all sorts were in a very backward state two hundred and fifty years ago, although ideas were certainly not wanting, for we all know that our modern revolvers and breech-loaders are merely old ideas revived and improved (it will be remembered that cannon, when first made in the fourteenth century, were breech-loaders—that is, they were fired from a movable

chamber, which dropped into an open cutting at the breech, and was taken out for reloading after every discharge); but the means were not always at hand to carry them out successfully, as machinery of an extensive or elaborate kind, such as we now meet with for the most ordinary purposes, was wholly unknown, and everything had to be made by hand. We now propose to put before our readers a few (and we trust entertaining) observations, not so much on the mechanical construction, as on the manual or drill of the infantry soldier's principal weapon as it appeared to be carried out two hundred and fifty years ago. There is surely something engaging about the "postures"—as the drill was then called—appertaining to the ancient match-lock "harquebus"—a name borrowed from the Italian word "archibuso," a hand-gun, and "archibusare," to shoot; and called by the Dutch by the corrupted name of "harquebutt," or "hagbutt," and by the English "hackbutt." Sir Walter Scott mentions this weapon in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, when he says:—

And as Sym Hall stood by the fire
He lighted the match of his bandoleer,
And wofully scorched the hackbutteer.

These weapons were first used in England so far back as 1582 (temp. Elizabeth), and are even referred to by the Pope's Nuncio, who, writing from Paris about the same period, reminds his English Roman Catholic friends that "corslets, pikes, and arquebuses" must be supplied to arm the conspirators in the intended rising against the Queen.

It is commonly supposed that "hande-gonnes" were first introduced, as a soldier's arm, about the end of the fifteenth century. They consisted merely of a rude gun-barrel of brass bound firmly to a thick stick, which was held tightly under the left arm, and discharged by the application of a lighted match carried in the right hand (a good sketch of this weapon appears in "Illustrations to Act III. of *All's Well that Ends Well*," in Knight's Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 43, copied from a French translation of Quintus Curtius, dated 1468, preserved among the Burney MSS. in the British Museum), and this kind of portable firearm was, according to Sir Samuel Meyrick, first used at Lecquese in 1430. As they were quite destitute of either lock or trigger, the first improvement was to substitute for the man's hand some kind of a cock that would carry the lighted match to the touchhole; and this gives us the first form of the match-lock, where a piece of bent iron served for both cock and trigger. Then came the improved and better-known form of the match-lock gun, with its lock and trigger, which stood its ground for a long period, and was retained in use after the more ingenious, but more complicated, invention of the "wheel-lock," and even subsequently to the introduction of the "snap-hance," as the flint-and-steel lock was originally called in reference to its Dutch origin. So attached were our forefathers to the improved match-lock that many specimens are still in existence exhibiting an arrangement, attributed to the great Vauban, of combining together the match-lock and the wheel-lock, and the match-lock and the flint-lock; the probable reason having been the supposed certainty of fire offered by the lighted match over the probable uncertainty of the wheel or flint, both of which, from defective make or otherwise, would, no doubt, miss fire with provoking frequency.

The match-lock harquebus, or musket, having at length become the recognized arm, it was necessary to reduce the handling of it to a regular system, and the most amazing and complex "manual and platoon" was established, which affords a striking contrast to our modern simplicity in the same drill. Markham, in his *Souldiers' Accidence*, 1643 (quoted by Sir Sibbald Scott in his learned and interesting historical work on the *British Army*), says, naively enough, that the "squarest and broadest men only will be fit to carry muskets"; and with very great truth, we should say, when it is remembered how heavily weighted and fearfully encumbered the unfortunate soldier must have been on the first introduction of the match-lock harquebus. These weapons had usually heavy iron barrels at least four feet long, and carried a bullet of which twelve went to the pound. When the clumsy lock, and the huge and still more clumsy timber stock, with its "scouringe-sticke," or ramrod, are all taken into consideration, we may readily suppose that the musket weighed little short of twenty pounds, if not indeed even more than that. Nor was this all, for these unwieldy pieces were so long and heavy that the already sufficiently encumbered soldier had to carry

about with him a "rest" five feet long, with a metal forked top, and an iron spike at the bottom to steady it upright in the ground, and this was often hung to his wrist or arm. In addition to this he had to carry a flask of coarse powder for loading, and a smaller one with finer powder for priming, called the "touch-box," whilst the bullets were all loose in a leather bag, very cleverly fastened with strings to add to his inconvenience and worry. The large flask was afterwards superseded by the bandoleer belt, which had suspended to it by strings about a dozen or two small tubes of wood or metal, but generally the former, each containing one charge of powder, whilst the touch-box and ball-bag were also attached to the same belt. With all this elaborate apparatus it may be readily supposed that the soldier's actions were very slow, and his shot few and far between, not more indeed than about four or five in the hour, as it generally took him over ten minutes to load. This was really necessary, not only from the complication of the operation, but from the great care required during its progress; for it must not be forgotten that the harquebussier was never without his burning match, which he usually carried in his hand, and "cocked" it—that is, placed it in the head of the "cock"—just before firing, and "uncocked" (removed) it directly after. The constant close proximity of the lighted match to the bandoleers and the touch-box, whilst loading in the confusion and haste of action, often occasioned the poor soldier to blow himself up instead of his enemies. But the heavy harquebus was not all, by any means, that the musketeer had to carry, for Markham gives us the full accoutrements, which were the following:—A heavy steel helmet; bandoleers of thick broad leather across his shoulder; a sword; a stout leather girdle; a hanger; a leather bullet-bag, in which he was to keep, in addition to his bullets, his mould, worm, screw, rammer, and priming-iron. To this might be added breast- and backplates, and shoulder, arm, and thigh guards, all of steel, as instances are common of such defensive armour being worn by musketeers. An extra supply of hempen match was either hung on the waist-belt or coiled round the hat, where it must have been anything but ornamental. One of the soldier's greatest difficulties was to keep the burning match alight in wet weather, before the invention of the tin match-tube; and one old writer pleasantly suggests that it should be carried lighted in the pocket—where of course it would have been dangerously close to the bandoleer belt; or, as a still more agreeable alternative, inside the hat—in which case the burning hemp would have rested comfortably enough on the top of the soldier's head.

If, however, the harquebussier of the seventeenth century was overweighted with his clumsy arms and accoutrements, his troubles did not end there, for he had to learn an elaborate and minute drill for the management of his unwieldy weapon of which we, more simple and sensible moderns, can form but a very small notion indeed. The "postures belonging to the musket," Markham, an undoubted authority on the subject, informs us, are forty in number, and are gone through, five standing, three marching, eighteen loading (or "charging"), and fourteen firing (or "discharging"); these are for "trainings and to make the souldier most excellent and perfect." Markham then gives the drill at full length, which may be thus stated. *The five postures standing.*—1. Put on your arms; 2. Prepare your skirmish (whatever that may be); 3. Rest your musket; 4. Sentinel posture; 5. Saluting posture. *The three marching.*—1. Shoulder your musket, and carry the rest in your right hand; 2. Level (i) your musket; 3. Slope your musket. *The eighteen loading.*—1. Clear your pan; 2. Prime your pan; 3. Shut your pan; 4. Cast off your loose corns; 5. Blow your pan; 6. Cast about your musket with both hands and trail your rest; 7. Open your charges; 8. Charge with powder; 9. Draw out your scouring stick; 10. Shorten your stick; 11. Ram in your powder; 12. Draw out your stick; 13. Charge with bullet; 14. Ram in your bullet; 15. Draw out your stick; 16. Shorten your stick; 17. Shorten your stick and put it up; 18. Bring your musket forward with your left hand, hold it up with your right hand, and recover rest. *The fourteen firing.*—1. Carry your rest in left hand preparing to give fire; 2. Slope your musket, and let the rest sink; 3. In the right hand poise your musket; 4. In your left hand carry your musket with rest; 5. In the right hand take your match between the second finger and thumb; 6. Hold the match fast and blow it; 7. Cock your match; 8. Try your match; 9. Guard the pan and

blow your match; 10. Open your pan; 11. Present your musket; 12. Give fire; 13. Dismount your musket and carry it with rest; 14. Uncock your match and put it up between your fingers.

The lighted match itself was evidently always carried by the musketeer either in his hand or elsewhere, but always separate from the gun, and was never put into the cock but just before firing, as the orders "Cock your match" and "Uncock your match" so plainly indicate; and this, no doubt, is the origin of the term to "cock" a gun just before firing, which has come down to the present day. The order to "Open your pan" before "presenting" seems peculiar and hardly safe; because in the early match-locks these pans were usually opened by a lid turning horizontally on a pivot, and were moved by the right thumb acting on a small knob. A great improvement was effected later on, when the pan-covering was made to slide back, as the trigger was slowly pulled or drawn, and as the burning match as slowly descended.

When all this elaborate and complicated muddle is remembered, we cease to question the statement that only four or five shots an hour could be got off. And when at last the shot was delivered, what sort of an aim could have been taken with so heavy and clumsy a weapon, where the powder was loose and the bullet did not even fit the barrel? We have amusing evidence of this latter in the suggestions of another old writer, who pleasantly recommends that in loading the "scouring sticks should be thrust in close to the powder to restrain the same"; and in addition to this amazing advice he desires the soldiers to "hold up their pieces high, lest the bullet should roll out"! The accuracy of the make and fit of these bullets would have peculiarly delighted an Armstrong, a Colt, or a Lancaster. No wonder that the opinion prevailed amongst many soldiers at that period that well-trained archers, with powerful bows and sharp steel-pointed "cloth-yard shafts," would be far more effectual in action than these harquebussiers with their slow-loading cumbersome weapons; and there is no doubt that, however amusing to us moderns the idea of bows and arrows in warfare may be, there was much sound truth in the opinion that the light handy bow was a far more serviceable arm than the heavy unwieldy harquebus, and all its awkward, bungling apparatus. One thing is quite certain, and that is that the archers would certainly discharge quite twenty arrows or more to the matchlock-man's five bullets, and probably with far surer aim, and so beat the musketeer on his own ground.

Some very amusing and interesting details of training and drill are given by a military writer named Davis in his *England's Trainings*, 1619. He proposes, amongst other things, that, in order not to try the young recruit's nerves too much, he should, when learning to fire, "shoot touch powder only from the pan, and so by degrees learn to shoot off, to bow and bend his body, and so attain the level of an assured shot, readily to charge and with comely grace discharge, making choice of his mark with quick and vigilant eye." Again, a little further he directs the soldier "that he should, once a month, take out the breech and view and wash the barrel, and see if it have any flaws, bracks, chambers-frettings, or ruptures"; adding this very excellent advice, "If he should love the safety of his own person, let him always use a piece double-breeched, and, if possible, a Milan piece, for they are tough and of perfect temper." There was no "Tower-proof" in those days, or perhaps proof of any kind, and it is quite likely that the rough, ill-made English gun-barrels, with their heavy powder charges and heavy bullets, might have had a happy knack of frequently bursting.

From another paragraph we get a glimpse of the "Hythe position" of the period, which is nearly incomprehensible to our ideas of such matters. "If the stock of his piece be crooked let him place the end before his left pap; if long and straight, as the Spaniards are, then upon the point of his right shoulder with a stately upright pace in discharge. . . . He that means to be accounted a perfect good shot must be ready in all particular points touching his pan, powder, bullet, match, and the use of them, that he neither have to seek, nor grow amazed, in the furious rage of Bellona's fiery skirmishes, her sudden surprises and bloody slaughters, her dangerous assaults and her cruel battles!"

SAMSON ET DALILA.

AT a recent *première* of M. Saint-Saëns's biblical opera at the Dal Verme, the gods resumed their judgment of the work in this typical phrase—"Altro che musica questa; è tutto un Conservatorio!" By this the illiterate, but very discriminating in matters musical, Milanese meant to convey an opinion that there is "everything" in the score of *Samson et Dalila*. And so it is; from vocal phrases of an almost Bellinian stamp and scenes of playful fancy to austere sacred strains and pages of strictly academical writing; from antiquated cadenzas and strettas to the very modern measured recitative or dramatic declamation, there is really every variety of style and form in M. Saint-Saëns's fine work. If we add to this the merit of a masterly orchestration and an exhaustive table of devices in accompaniments, we shall have said enough to warrant our endorsement of the opinion of the Milanese gallery. But it must not be inferred "que toute cette gamme" produces any sense of incompleteness or patchiness at the reading of the score. M. Saint-Saëns is too careful an observer of the exigencies of dramatic diction and too consummate a master of his science for that. With him the musical fancy of the composer goes always hand in hand with the literary logic of the poet; and what is, is correct as it stands and for what it stands. *Samson et Dalila* reads as a complete and homogeneous score; and, if there be pages disconcerting at first sight from the point of view of absolute music, a second glance at the necessities of a given situation explains the presence and the musical character of this or that scena.

On the other side, it must be said that, if we pass from the reading of the score to the hearing, our satisfaction is somewhat lessened. The reason here lies in a kind of duality of the character of the work, and must be traced to the practical side of its origin. At the time when *Samson et Dalila* was being composed (1872-74), M. Saint-Saëns had no footing on the lyric stage in France. First of all, he was not a Prix de Rome—yes, the most accomplished and the most classical of French composers to-day cannot boast of the distinction enjoyed by Gaston Serpette and a host of others, either unknown or forgotten now; secondly, he had made a failure with an *opéra comique* of his (*La Princesse Juvène*); thirdly, and principally, he had achieved considerable success on the concert platform as a symphonist. Now this sort of reputation was quite sufficient some twenty years ago in France to exclude a composer from all theatres, and it is this state of things which is answerable for the duality of the score of *Samson et Dalila*. Composed first as an opera in view of the stage, and promptly refused admittance, it has been subsequently remodelled and reversed so as to serve as an oratorio for a concert platform; and, as a matter of fact, numerous selections from it have been performed at various concerts in Paris, before even the work was produced in its entirety as an opera at Weimar (1877). Since, it has been performed in both its guises, now as an oratorio, now as an opera, in various places; but we incline to think the concert platform a more fitting frame for it, if only for the sake of some stage effects of difficult, if not impossible, accomplishment. Such, for instance, is the scene of Dalila's victory over Samson, where the prima donna, exhibiting from a balcony the hero's mighty locks, seems rather to be brandishing a Philistine boa or muff; or the final catastrophe, when, at the falling in of Dagon's temple, everybody on the stage is yards away from the harmless pillar-like cushions crumbling noiselessly from the flies. True that the revolt of the Hebrews, the love duet, and the great fête in the Temple of Dagon are as many opportunities for fine histrionic or scenic displays; but the work would gain nothing by it, and, as a matter of fact, the three acts of *Samson et Dalila* partake more of the oratorio than of the opera. The first act especially, implying stage movements and changes of scene perfectly intelligible in an oratorio, but difficult to realize otherwise, produces but little impression on the stage, despite its fine music. How to explain, for instance, that the Hebrews, who had just revolted and killed the Satrap of Gaza, stand there quietly listening to the love declarations of Dalila, and look on with pleasure at the voluptuous dances of the priestesses of Dagon?

Be it a concession to operatic exigencies or a deliberate intention of the librettist, Dalila is not represented as the treacherous and covetous courtesan of the Scriptures, but as a sort of heathen Judith. She appears as a fervent priestess

of Dagon, refusing to deliver Samson for gold, but seducing him for love and betraying him out of religious fanaticism. In this guise the principal figure gains in nobility, and the task of the musician is also simplified, in that he has to deal only with the most direct traits of the character, without attempting the almost musically impossible task of expressing in the conventional language of sounds all the imperceptible nuances and gradations of the intrigue.

The work opens with a lamentation of the Hebrews—an inspired page of choral-writing of purely classical outlines, worked out with remarkable ingenuity of invention, and brought to an effective climax by Samson's appeal to rebellion. The following scene of objurgations of the Satrap Abimelech is not very convincing, nor is the scene of his death very impressive; much finer and more original is the violent apostrophe of the High Priest of Dagon vowing to avenge the murder of the Satrap. Then again, if the Hebrews take their victory rather sadly, and if their hymn of joy is somewhat melancholy, the rest of the music in this first act or part devoted to the Philistines is perfectly lovely. Dalila's "Chanson du printemps," with its delicate accompaniments, the beautiful female chorus, with its airy grace, and the dances of the priestesses, are real gems of freshness and spontaneity. The songs of Dalila especially are full of a languid charm and insinuating tenderness, and it seems almost a pity they should make room for a trio, of very clever facture, but interfering distinctly with the enjoyment of the hearer. In it a Hebrew Elder tries to warn Samson against the allurements of the beautiful priestess—but her last *cantilena* gets the better of Wisdom—and terminates the first part.

The second part consists of two duets and an aria. The High Priest upbraids Dalila with forgetting her duties and her promise in the love of Samson, and here the courtesan reveals her plan; this is the first duet. The aria is Dalila's profession of faith, and we must say that both pieces are hardly characteristic of any special effort on the part of the composer; they are not devoid of vigour and of a certain dramatic power, but they are antiquated in form and style, and seem even at times as mere *remplissage*. It is as if M. Saint-Saëns were saving his inspiration for what is to come; and, indeed, the following love duet between Samson and Dalila may be placed side by side with the most renowned pages of the kind; it would be perhaps the capital page of the work, were it not for the touching prison scene with Samson at the millstone.

It is remarkable that M. Saint-Saëns, considered as the "driest" of French composers, and accused quite currently of "sécheresse de cœur," is still at his best in love scenes; and how in *Henry VIII.*, in *Proserpine*, or in *Ascanio* he finds for love-making the happiest musical commentary. It is just so in *Samson et Dalila*, where in the love duet we do not know which to admire more, the wonderful melodious wealth or the surprising variety of accents.

The third part opens with the above-referred-to prison scene; Samson, blind, prays turning the millstone, whilst in the distance the voices of the Hebrews are heard reproaching him with their subjection and his degradation. There is so much genuine sadness and so much intense sorrow in this tableau that the hearer cannot help being moved by the pathos of the situation, whilst the analyst is bound to admire the simplicity of the means adopted for producing a sincerely poignant impression. Then follows the final scene in the temple of Dagon, treated also with remarkable skill and inspiration. The sacred dances around Samson, the ironical recalls of former scenes of love and liberty, the mocking of the Philistines, the chants of the High Priest, in which he is joined by Dalila and the people, succeed one another, gaining in intensity until the scene becomes almost one of religious paroxysm. But here the plaintive appeals of Samson rise also to a supreme invocation, and the catastrophe—translated by the orchestra with remarkable power and grandeur—closes the work.

However opinions may differ as to the place to be assigned to M. Saint-Saëns, all agree on one point—namely, that he is the foremost amongst pure musicians to-day, and an unsurpassed master of the orchestra. His instrumentation, though always full of power and vigour, is entirely free from coarseness; when it is delicate it is simple and refined without being mincing, and, most precious quality of all in these days of elaborate complications, it is as clear as crystal. The secret of this lies in the treatment of the quartet, the fruit of earnest studies of the great masters of the past; M. Saint-Saëns bases the whole symphonic

fabric of his works on the strings, which he handles in an infinite variety of devices, restraining and dividing their action, from uniting all into one sonorous mass to dividing even basses into several parts. Over this texture he disposes the wind instruments, combining their sonorities with rare taste, putting forward now the weakest of all, sometimes giving prominence to the most powerful, but managing his effects so adroitly as to never shock by an entry. It is as the full voice of the organ sustained by the strings on one side, and made more imposing by the brass, the sparkling *timbre* of which shines all the more for being used with discretion.

Marcello used to say, "he alone deserves the title of a musician and *maestro* who on every occasion knows how to apply the most secret precepts of his art." This definition suits M. Saint-Saëns to the ground, for he is every inch a musician and a great *maestro*.

MONEY MATTERS.

ON Monday morning a prospectus was issued by the London and Westminster Bank inviting subscriptions to a new loan of 2,107,000*l.* of the Victorian Government, bearing 4 per cent. interest, the issue price being 96. It was stated that the proceeds were required to repay an old Five per Cent. loan falling due on New Year's Day next; and it was added that the holders of the Fives would get preferential allotments. In the course of the afternoon, however, it was announced that the loan had been fully subscribed, and that the lists in consequence were closed. Naturally there is much grumbling on the part of holders of the Fives, who do not think that they have been treated with the consideration which they might fairly claim. It is also alleged by ill-natured people in the City that the success of the loan was largely due to very clever manipulation by the advisers of the Victorian Government. It is said that certain members of the Stock Exchange, knowing that the Fives were maturing, and that Victoria consequently would have to borrow, had sold old bonds very largely, that the professional advisers of the Government took advantage of this, and that to this fact alone was the marked success of the issue due. We need not stop to inquire whether these ill-natured rumours were correct or not. It is plain that the success of the loan has been very great, and, under the circumstances, quite unexpected. Victoria suffered more than any of the other colonies from the banking crisis. Her credit naturally has fallen, and the best observers doubted whether she could borrow at 4½ per cent. The Government is sincerely to be congratulated on its success; but we trust that it will not be misled thereby, or fancy that it can go on borrowing as of old. The finances are disordered and the debt of the colony is already very heavy. In round figures it amounted on the 30th June last to almost 48 millions sterling, involving an annual interest charge of very nearly 1,900,000*l.* That is an exceedingly heavy debt for a population of about a million and a quarter at a time when there is widespread depression and an absence of credit at home. It is quite true that three-fourths of the money raised has been laid out upon railways, and that nearly all the remainder has been spent upon irrigation and water-works. Out of the 48 millions, roughly, borrowed all but about a million has been so expended. At first sight it would seem, therefore, that the total debt is represented by highly valuable investments which ought to add immensely to the wealth of the colony. We do not doubt that in the long run both the railways and the irrigation works will prove productive. But unfortunately much of the public works has been carried on at an extravagant cost, and very much is far in advance of the real requirements of the country. It would have been much more prudent to have advanced more leisurely and with greater regard to the true interests of colonial development. All who are interested in our colonies—and every Englishman must be so—will rejoice at the success of the loan and the removal of a difficulty from the path of the Victorian Government. But all will equally desire to see a more cautious and more prudent policy pursued in the future. The other colonial Governments are equally in need of funds. It is an open secret that the Government of New South Wales is considering how best to raise between two and three millions, and the smaller Governments will probably also

appear as borrowers in this market before long. We trust that they will be successful to the extent that accommodation is really required to stave off serious embarrassments. But we would urge upon the Governments at the same time that they have borrowed too quickly and too largely for several years past, and that they are imperilling their future if they add to a debt, already very large, a single penny that is not really required. Under present circumstances, the wise course would be to enforce retrenchment wherever possible, to put off new public works, or, where that cannot be done, to continue them with as little immediate outlay as may be. It would be unfortunate if the success of this Victorian loan were to give rise to false hopes in Australia; to lead the advocates of extravagance to think that all doubts as to Australian credit have been removed, and that the Governments, therefore, have only to ask to get as much money as they may wish to have. That would but increase their difficulties, and would alarm investors at home.

The Directors of the Bank of England made no change in their rate of discount this week. As the quotation in the open market was barely 1¼ per cent., the general expectation was that the rate would be reduced; but in our opinion the Directors have acted wisely. In the first place, we have now come to the time when coin and notes may be expected to flow out to the English provinces, Ireland, and Scotland in large amounts, and when besides there are always large miscellaneous demands for gold. In the second place, it is by no means improbable that gold shipments from New York may begin again. The gold recently taken from the Bank of England was all borrowed. Some of the loans are now falling due, and it is said that the lenders, in the hope of frightening the United States Senate, will insist upon repayment. If they do, it is not impossible that there may be another scare, and perhaps very serious difficulties. In any case, it is well for the Directors of the Bank of England to take precautions beforehand. Repayment may not be insisted upon, and the Senate may repeal the Sherman Act any day; but, on the other hand, there may be serious difficulties.

The India Council again offered on Wednesday 40 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, but not a single application was sent in. In spite, however, of the failure to sell its drafts since the closing of the Indian mints, the Council is not in want of money, for it has just succeeded in disposing of debentures which bring it in nearly 1,400,000*l.* The hope is that the exports from India will now begin to increase considerably, and that then the demand for drafts will improve. The Indian crops, it is to be recollected, are about a month late this year. The silver market remains steady, the price fluctuating between 34*d.* and 34½*d.* per ounce.

Business upon the Stock Exchange continues utterly stagnant. At the fortnightly settlement, which began on Wednesday morning, the banks were able to obtain for loans only about 2½ per cent., and within the Stock Exchange carrying over rates were very light; all which proves that speculation is happily at a standstill, and that consequently the Stock Exchange is fairly safe. The delay of the United States Senate in repealing the Sherman Act is the principal cause of the depression. It is generally admitted that the majority of the Senators are in favour of repeal; but the Silver party is very determined and very ingenious, and up to the present it has been found impossible to force a vote. The Silver party proper is reinforced by the Protectionists and the Republicans generally. Some hope for a compromise of some kind with regard to silver, while others are more anxious to prevent the repeal of the McKinley Act, and others, again, want to stop the Federal Election Bill. By spinning out the debate, all these parties trust that they will compel President Cleveland to enter into some kind of an arrangement with them. But the President's friends say that he is firmly resolved not to yield an inch, however long the discussion may last; in fact, he hopes that public opinion at last will compel the Senate to give way. The news from South America likewise warns all concerned to be very careful how they incur new risks. Little is known of what is really going on either in Brazil or in Argentina; but the fear is growing that the disturbances in Brazil will ultimately lead to disruption. The civil population seems to have no courage to enforce its own will. The army and the navy are bitterly antagonistic, and several of the provinces think their own

interests are sacrificed to those of Rio. Those who know the country best, therefore, are very despondent. They fear that secession can be prevented only by a military Government. But the navy is unwilling to submit to the ascendancy of the army. In Argentina the revolutionary movement is rapidly spreading. The Radical leaders have either been arrested or are in hiding; but the party itself is well organized, and is very powerful. Against it there is a coalition of the followers of ex-President Celman, General Roca, and General Mitre. If the army remains loyal, the best opinion is that the insurrection will be put down; but there are very ominous rumours that a large part of the army is disaffected. Still, there has not been as much fall in either Brazilian or Argentine securities as might have been expected. The Continental Bourses are fairly steady, in spite of political uneasiness and of the fear of an utter crash in Italy. In the Far East trade is disorganized by the uncertainty respecting silver, and in Australasia there is great exhaustion after the banking panic. Nearly all the Colonial Governments are in want of money. As stated above, Victoria has just successfully raised over 2 millions sterling, and applications from the other Governments in this market are expected very soon. At home the coal strike still continues, disorganizing trade, and causing heavy losses to the railway Companies. Nevertheless, Home Railway Ordinary stocks are well maintained, for it is believed that the strike must now very soon come to an end, and that, once it is over, there will be a slow improvement in trade. With so many dangers and difficulties everywhere, it is natural that men of business should be careful not to incur new risks, and consequently that there should be a complete absence of enterprise. The opportunity is favourable for judicious investment, but great care must be exercised in making selections. If the United States Senate remains obstinate, and gold is exported from New York in large amounts, there will probably be another scare and a heavy fall in prices, and therefore the investor should be very careful how he buys American securities. If he ventures at all, he should select only the very best bonds—bonds payable, principal and interest, in gold, and the bonds of Companies which regularly pay either dividends upon a large share capital or interest upon junior bonds of large amount. On the other hand, if the Sherman Act is repealed, there will probably be a very considerable rise.

There has been a general recovery in Colonial Government securities this week. Victorian Three and a Half closed on Thursday at 88½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½; Queensland Three and a Half closed at 87½, a rise of 1½; and New South Wales Three and a Half closed at 92½, also a rise of 1½. In the Home Railway market, Brighton "A" closed on Thursday at 145½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½; South-Eastern Undivided closed at 114, a fall of 2; Midland closed at 150, a fall of 1; and North-Eastern closed at 153½, a fall of ½. But there has been a rise of ½ each in North-Western and Great Western, the former closing at 164½, and the latter at 153½. American securities are almost without exception lower. Erie Ordinary shares, to begin with the purely speculative, which are unfit for investors, closed on Thursday at 14½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½; Erie Preference closed at 29½, a fall of 4; and Erie Second Mortgage Bonds closed at 70½, a fall of 5½; Northern Pacific Preference shares closed at 21, a fall of 3½; and Reading First Incomes closed at 31, a fall of 3. Turning next to the dividend-paying shares, we find that Louisville and Nashville closed on Thursday at 52½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½; Illinois shares closed at 95, also a fall of 1½, while Lake Shore closed at 122½, a fall of 3. Argentine Industrial securities have given way more than the Government bonds. Thus, Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway stock closed on Thursday at 46-9, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 4; Central Argentine closed at 54, a fall of 2; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 101-3, a fall of 1, while the Government Fives of 1886 closed at 61, a fall of no more than ½. There has also been but a slight fall of ½ in Brazilian Four and a Half, which closed on Thursday at 64½.

MICHAELMAS.

THERE is a peculiar fascination about some terms, which all but the most unimaginative (or insolvent) will acknowledge. They bring with them the flavour of an old world, a subtle memory like the faint smell of pot-pourri, suggestive possibly of dust and ashes, but also of a picturesque bygone time—of mediæval ceremony, and of past civic splendour. Such a word is Michaelmas. It would be difficult to say exactly what pictures the expression calls up, for if examined too closely they are very apt to become like dissolving views in an advanced state of dissolution—the figures blurred against a somewhat indistinguishable background. But though no definite impression is left on the mind, there is engendered a pleasant sense of familiarity with the middle ages, a hazy acquaintance with usages and customs from which all local colour has not been washed down to a dull neutral tint; a lingering illusion that, if sundials moved backwards and coal strikes were not, this might still be "Merry England"; and a prepossession in favour of a picturesque Past which has left us little but a name and a legacy of roast goose out of all the ceremonial and good cheer of old Michaelmas festivities.

And yet for generations, and down to comparatively recent times, the feast of St. Michael and All Angels was celebrated through the length and breadth of the land, with great pomp and splendour, not only at the Guildhall and in all towns where new mayors were elected and assumed office, but also in "island valleys" where civic functions were unknown, and where Solan geese are more familiar objects than roast goose. One wonders why Michaelmas should have been signalled out by the inhabitants of Skye and some of the remoter Western islands as one of four feast-days, to be commemorated by the baking of a mighty bannock, of which all members of the household, young and old, gentle or simple, had to partake, even strangers being haled in with true West Highland hospitality to eat the cake and share the benefits of St. Michael's protection and friendship, supposed to accrue to all who had kept the festival in this simple primitive manner.

In spite of the tradition to which we cling from the same spirit of historic piety which makes us decline to give up the more tragic tales of potted lampreys and butt of Malmsey, historic accuracy ("der Geist der stets verneint") compels one to acknowledge that roast goose, as an attribute of Michaelmas Day, belongs to a period previous to the defeat of the Armada. There is an old record of land tenure dating from 1470, according to which the tenant John de la Hay paid his liege lord for "one parcel of the land of that demesne twenty-pence a year, and one goose fit for the lord's dinner on the feast of St. Michael the Archangel, with suit of Court and other services"; and from the *Poies of Gascoigne*, published in 1575, we learn:—

And when the ternautes come
to paie their quarter's rent,
They bring some fowle at Midsummer,
a dish of fish in Lent;

At Christmase a capon,
at Michaelmasse a goose,
And somewhat else at New Yerstide,
for feare their lease flie loose.

There is a delightful vagueness about the New Year's offering for the anxious imagination of the tenant to run riot in which recalls the modern spirit in the pursuit of *étrennes*, when counters are ransacked for the "somewhat else" which no one can wish to receive, but which every one feels obliged to give. But though the legend that Queen Elizabeth was dining off roast goose when news was brought to her of the overthrow of the Armada may not be the reason for our all courting indigestion on the 29th of September, it seems to give a historic value and dignity to what would otherwise be an act of indiscretion, not to say greed, and we would rather that the good old tradition were not confronted by the fact that the news of the disaster must have reached her some time early in August.

The choice of the 29th of September as the day for the election of mayors and magistrates is supposed by Bourne to be in deference to the belief that guardian angels and tutelar spirits preside over the counsels of men. According to an old French dictum this was the special function of St. Michael—"Le vrai office de Monseigneur Saint-Michel est de faire grandes révélations aux hommes en bas en leur

donnant moult saints conseils." How far this true office is fulfilled in modern times let our burghers and citizens declare. Another duty ascribed to St. Michael was the protection of Roman Catholic sailors, who, in passing Cape Malea, which is dedicated to the saint, would pray him "to hold still his wings from resting too hard on the sails." But, as the present writer can testify, the courteous sailors who man the Austrian Lloyd steamers have either lost faith in the efficacy of this poetic prayer, or it does not apply to steam and screw, for now, as in classic times, the worst storms are encountered in doubling that formidable Cape.

RACING.

THE depression in the market for thoroughbred horses continues. When breeders complain of this, they should remember that many other luxuries were reduced, on account of the prevailing bad times, before bloodstock. It is an established fact that, when people are hard up, the first thing they sacrifice is their charities, and the second their books. Where racehorses come in the sacrificial list we do not pretend to know; but it is evidently very low down. Last year the Doncaster sales realized 78,175*l.*; this autumn they only made 61,606*l.* When we see yearlings sold for considerably less than half their sires' fees, and take into consideration the expenses of a stud farm, we begin to realize the unprofitableness of breeding at the present moment. Not that breeders are the only losers by horseflesh. A colt was sold for 30 guineas this week, for which it is stated 2,000 guineas were paid last year. In most years it is probable that so good a horse as Buccaneer would have fetched more than the 4,500 guineas given for him this month; and Blue Green is said to have been sold privately for about the same sum. Yet the 14,500 guineas given for Meddler in June, the 15,000*l.* offered for Marcion, and the 20,000*l.* for Orme were quite up to the prices of good times. It is rather in the yearling market that the stagnation exists.

If the Doncaster Meeting was dull, it has been the basis of some interest in relation to after events. On the Friday Lord Cadogan's three-year-old colt, Prisoner, achieved an easy and unexpected victory in the race over two miles for the Doncaster Cup, his vanquished opponents being Simonian, Lady Rosebery, and Enniskillen. He won by half a dozen lengths, the second in the race being Simonian, who was running beyond his distance and giving the winner 6 lbs. more than weight-for-age. As both Lady Rosebery and Enniskillen were handicapped to give Prisoner several pounds more weight for the Cesarewitch than they gave him for the Doncaster Cup, when he galloped past them just as he pleased, he was at once made first favourite for the former race, and before the day was over he stood at 5 to 1. All distances appear to suit him; as he won the Royal Handicap at Epsom over six furlongs, the Ascot Triennial over a mile, and the Doncaster Cup over two miles. He had met with two unexpected defeats, one at Newmarket, and the other at Goodwood, but they were now ignored. He is a bay colt by Isonomy, out of a Hermit mare, his grandam having been by Stockwell; so he is much inbred to Birdcatcher. If a trifle small, he is considered by some authorities the handsomest horse in training. The opinion held of his merits relatively to other three-year-olds, before his race for the Doncaster Cup, may be understood when we say that he had been handicapped for the Cambridgeshire 2 st., all but a pound, below Isinglass and Marcion, and only a stone above the very worst horses of any age entered for the race, while for the Cesarewitch he had been placed only 11 lbs. from the bottom of the list. At such terms as these his prospects looked exceptionally brilliant. On the same day that Prisoner won the Doncaster Cup another Cesarewitch favourite distinguished herself. Mr. Buchanan's Self-Sacrifice, who had run third for the St. Leger, beat Siffleuse, the winner of the One Thousand and other races, easily by two lengths, for the Park Hill Stakes. She was receiving 7 lbs. from Siffleuse, an allowance which was supposed to be quite counterbalanced by the beating she gave her.

The St. Leger itself had also an important bearing on an event in the near future. Although it was to all intents and purposes a foregone conclusion, it confirmed Isinglass's merit, and gave him the rank of a St. Leger winner. He and La Flèche, the winners of two successive St. Legers, were to

try their powers together for the Lancashire Plate of 8,000*l.* at Manchester. This was one of the most interesting races of the season, and, as it turned out, one that was greatly to affect the prospects of the approaching Cambridgeshire. The field was small, only four horses going to the post—namely, La Flèche, Isinglass, Raeburn, and Lady Caroline. The St. Leger winners met at weight-for-age and sex; Lady Caroline, who is the same age as La Flèche, received 10 lbs. from her, while Raeburn received the same allowance from his contemporary, Isinglass. The course was a mile, a distance over which La Flèche had twice been proved inferior to the best form of the year, having been beaten in each case by Orme. Isinglass, therefore, was made the first, and La Flèche the second, favourite. There were racing critics, however, who persisted in asking the question whether Isinglass was 10 lbs.—about the weight of a Post Office Directory—better than Raeburn. Twice had Raeburn run second to him this year, finishing nearly five lengths behind him for the Two Thousand, and three and a half for the Derby. It is generally assumed that, when the second horse in a race is ridden out to the last ounce and is beaten by a length, he has received about a 5 lb. beating; but it is a very different question whether, when he has been beaten by two lengths or more, he has received a beating equal to 10 lbs. If he has fought out a very severe race to beat another horse for second or third place, in order to win some heavy bets, and only just succeeded in doing so, it may be that he has received a 10 lb. beating from the winner, even at two lengths; on the other hand, if his jockey, finding that he could not win, thought it useless to struggle in the last stride or two, he may have finished three or four lengths, or even more, behind the winner without being quite so much as 10 lbs. his inferior. The official handicapper had put 12 lbs. between Isinglass and Raeburn for the Cambridgeshire, so, even on his showing, it should have been a near thing between them for the Lancashire Plate. Yet what is technically termed "a shade of odds" was laid on Isinglass, while 9 to 4 was laid against La Flèche, and 9 to 2 against Raeburn. The pace was slow; Isinglass made the running, and, when they had come rather more than half way, La Flèche was at his girths. As they approached the distance, Raeburn was close at the heels of the two leaders, with his jockey, Watts, sitting quite still, while T. Loates and George Barrett were already pressing the two favourites. In the last couple of hundred yards, Watts brought Raeburn to the front, and on reaching the winning-post he was a length ahead of Isinglass. Only half a length separated Isinglass from La Flèche, and it was certainly a beautiful race. If we allow 5 lbs. for the length-beating, and deduct that from Raeburn's 10 lb. allowance, it would seem that Isinglass is only 5 lbs. better than Raeburn, a state of things by no means consistent with their previous form; it is necessary, therefore, to look for some means of accounting for this change in their relative merits. Perhaps the fact that, within a couple of days of the race, Isinglass was scratched for the remainder of his engagements for this year may imply that his defeat was owing to misfortune. Or it may be that the twisting course, with its one especially sharp turn, was in Raeburn's favour; or possibly he may have improved a great deal since he had last run in public, some three months earlier. The critics thought him looking well, and he is a nice compact horse, showing a great deal of quality; but he has no great size or length, and perhaps he may be better suited to an awkward, turning course than his rivals. Be that as it may, the result of his victory was to establish him as an exceedingly strong first favourite for the Cambridgeshire.

The only race of any great interest on Tuesday last, the first day of the Newmarket First October Meeting, was the Buckenham Stakes. At Goodwood Bullingdon had beaten Glare by a neck, and he was now to meet her on 3 lbs. better terms; yet the betting was even between the pair, no other horse starting. It was a pretty race. M. Cannon made the running with Bullingdon; while Watts waited with Glare at his girths until entering the rails, when Glare shot out, and she finished a winner by three-quarters of a length. Many people now consider her the best two-year-old filly, and she is a near relative to Ladas, the colt that has shown the best two-year-old form of the season.

The easy victory of Mecca for the Hopeful Stakes on Wednesday, however, induced others to think that she might be the best filly of her age. Neither the breeding ("by Isonomy—Pilgrimage") nor the appearance of this

chestnut filly leaves much to be desired, whatever may be the value of her form, and that is certainly considerable. On the same day Ravensbury won his first race of this season, during which he had been placed seven times. He had had the extraordinary ill-luck to be second for the Two Thousand, Derby, St. Leger, and Grand Prix de Paris. There were several very close finishes in the course of the afternoon, including a dead-heat between Styx, 9 st. 6 lbs., and Simonburn, 8 st. 5 lbs., for the Granby Plate; the Great Eastern Railway Handicap also produced a pretty race between Best Man, Mountain Chief, and Sally Brass II., all three-year-olds, and carrying about the same weights.

On Thursday Baron de Hirsch's good-looking chestnut colt, Government, who had won a race a week earlier at Manchester, won the Double Trial Plate. In the Newmarket October Handicap, General Owen Williams's Pensioner reversed his recent form with Lord Ellesmere's Esmond.

THE CIDER-LAND.

THERE is no county in England that can compare with Herefordshire for richness of flower and fruit at certain seasons of the year. It would well repay any lover of Nature and her gifts to wander through the highways and byways of Herefordshire to look upon the extraordinary beauty of the apple-orchards. The great heat and dryness of the last summer seem to have had a wonderful effect not only on the size, but on the colouring, of the fruit. Every tree is loaded, every branch is bending under the burden it has to bear, every orchard is a separate picture. Green and gold, red, orange yellow, the many shades and mixtures of these colours blended in one whole. There is no false colouring in Nature. But where Nature is so bountiful man is always wasteful. So it is here. Waste! waste! is the reproach. As the days shorten so will the beauty of the fruit decay. Tons upon tons will by the negligence of man be allowed to rot upon the ground. Just here and there someone more provident or intelligent than his fellows will make the most of that which has been so bountifully given to him. But for the rest let the glorious fruit lie, it does not pay to bestow any care upon it.

It has been thought a hopeless task to rouse the Herefordshire farmer (there are exceptions) to take the slightest pains to turn to profit that which lies at his feet. He reasons, My labourers to whom I give cider in lieu of wages, or in addition to wages, or to whom I sell it at an insignificant price, prefer it hard and rough, provided only that it is strong. A most estimable Herefordshire squire, long since passed away, farming a considerable acreage, which he kept in hand, was complained to by his bailiff that the cider was so hard that the men threatened to leave him to finish the harvest as best he could. "Tell them they shall have double allowance every day!" They had, and there was no more complaint. The Herefordshire labourer really loves his cider hard. Let the passing stranger call at any farm and ask for a pint of cider, gentle or simple, it is never denied him, but sometimes it is given with the apology, "I am afraid it is a little hard." With a deprecating smile, the thirsty traveller drinks—but a sudden flush spreads over his face, the struggle with politeness, the contortion of the facial muscles tell of bitter agony. He won't die, only the cider is a little hard, and yet the most simple care and trouble could make cider the most palatable and refreshing drink in the world. But it is the old story. It doesn't pay. It is better to leave the gifts this glorious summer has bestowed to rot and perish on the ground. Better turn in the pigs and geese and fowls to crunch and trample under foot those fruits lately bowing down the trees in resplendent beauty, than convert them into a drink to make glad the heart of man. There is Herefordshire cider, more difficult to obtain than a high-class vintage wine, in the cellars of a few Herefordshire yeomen. Not for the ordinary mortal this. No cider-merchant can obtain it. It is only for the most intimate friend! No higher praise can be given to such than that awarded to it by a well-known Herefordshire man, who, when asked to account for his nerve and vigour, though he had passed his three-score years and ten, replied, "A bottle of port after dinner and a tankard of Foxwhelp at breakfast."

THE THEATRES.

THE new five-act Drury Lane melodrama by Mr. Henry Pettitt and Sir Augustus Harris, *A Life of Pleasure*, must be reckoned good of its kind, and possesses the merit of not pretending to be more than it is. No matter to whom is to be ascribed the credit or the blame, the fact stares us in the face that a section of the public, large enough and wealthy enough to justify the production of the class of melodramatic work associated with Drury Lane Theatre, likes that conventional sort of play, and would probably resent in a very practical way the substitution of a higher. Even in the satisfaction of this taste there are degrees of success, as there are degrees in the strength and fitness of the story and the quality of the workmanship. Here the plot up to the end of the third act is worked out clearly and directly, and the many complications are not allowed to interfere with the action of the play. From Mr. Pettitt, with his long experience in the construction of melodrama, we expect a neat and forcible arrangement of materials, and in this effort we have a favourable example of his method.

With the improbabilities of the story we have nothing to do, so long as the intelligence of an audience, strongly willing to be pleased and hungry for the violent delights of melodrama, is not absolutely outraged. It is sufficient to pay a tribute to the skill with which the various motives are set in intelligible conflict in the first act. Nor do we complain of the triteness of the materials; on the contrary, it was rather a pleasure to meet again in modern guise so old and esteemed a friend as the returned wanderer who comes home with his pockets bursting with money, just in time to relieve his aged parent from the oppression of a landlord—or rather, in this case, the landlord's rascally kinsman and agent. There is no mistake about this villain. He is an excellent representative specimen of his kind, and in his time has shattered a dozen decalogues. To limit ourselves to his performances in this play; he is seducer, forger, murderer, oppressor of the poor, betrayer of his benefactor, and fortune-hunter, without counting the thousand little meannesses which grace his conduct at every turn. There is quite a wasteful redundancy of scoundrelism in his case, since any one of his crimes would furnish forth a villain sufficiently equipped in turpitude for any ordinary play. In the hands of Mr. Arthur Dacre, however, he efficiently fulfils the condition of his being, and, although distinctly extra-human, forms the sort of theatrical figure required. The other characters, though not quite so broadly drawn, are depicted with no faltering hand, so that there is little room for doubt as to whether they are good or bad, or, generally speaking, what is likely to be their course of action under any given circumstances. Assuming that there must be a big spectacular scene, it is only fair to say that the Burmese Act is well done, although it is frankly and undisguisedly as slightly connected with the plot as need be. The whole of it, with its pretty palm scenery, jungle, ravine, horsemanship, file-firing, volley-firing, machine-guns, and all, might be taken bodily from the play, and it never would be missed. The fifth act is both too long and too complicated. A very few words should suffice to put an end to the pretensions of Chandos. If he is to be allowed to marry Lady Mary, Desmond should kill him. It is difficult to see with what other purpose Desmond has been introduced, or at least invested with prominence; and the present ending, with the poisonings and Chandos's claim to marital rights, forms a depressing anti-climax. It is only the depression which matters, however; for it has long been a hopeless task to apply the ordinary rules of criticism to Drury Lane and Adelphi melodrama. Mrs. Bernard Beere as the betrayed Irish girl played superbly in the Empire scene, and with great power in the appeal to Chandos, just previously, and in the poisoning passage. Indeed, it was a fine, commanding performance throughout. By the way, we may be permitted to doubt the taste of introducing the name of any place of public resort as the place to which a woman flies at once on her embarking on a "life of pleasure"; and this question, we should think, would also have a practical side to it. Mr. Henry Neville is always a sound, picturesque, romantic, and melodramatic actor in the best sense, and as Desmond fully sustained his reputation, though he had, unfortunately, too little to do. Miss Laura Linden's bright method was pleasant and useful in a small part. Good work was also done by Mr. Robert Soutar and Miss Le Thière, and Mr. Harry Nicholls played in characteristic style a comic captain of Militia.

REVIEWS.

SOME OLD NOVELS.*

IT is a little curious that it should have been left to Messrs. Dent at such a very advanced period of the nineteenth century to re-present the most famous novels of the eighteenth, and of the early years of this present, in a dainty and comely form. Our fathers and their fathers had several comely and dainty "novelist's libraries," though it must be confessed that the best edited of them all—Ballantyne's—though not at all uncomely, was very undainty. It has always been something of a marvel to us how Sir Walter's exquisite taste in books could have approved the massive double-columned royal octavos in which these poor novelists were entombed by himself and his partners. Certainly one gets a vast amount of invaluable matter in shelf-space comparatively limited; but, in countries where you cannot have an agreeable slave to hold up the book at the right height and angle, the counterbalancing disadvantages are heavy. As a rule, however, it was not till far on into this century that the fact that a novel should be elegantly and handily, not massively and ill-favouredly, presented was ignored, and then it was ignored for a very great many years. Of the novelists before us, Mackenzie—putting original editions out of question—was chiefly accessible in the cumbrous collection just referred to, the stock of which served for so many years as "paving-stones and rocking-horses" in Sir Walter's literary bargains. The others were for the most part presented in very ugly forms, a little redeemed in Miss Edgeworth's case by the old frontispieces.

We need not dwell very much on the form here. It has been generally admitted that these editions of Messrs. Dent's are very prettily and tastefully got up—a certain niggling and mincing prettiness in some of the illustrations being excepted and objected to by some tastes. This charge, which will not weigh against Mr. Cooke's cuts to *The Man of Feeling* or Mr. Gleig's to *Jane Eyre*, is, perhaps, a little more valid about the first-named artist's plates for *Evelina*. Miss Edgeworth—we do not quite know why—is left with nothing but reproductions of the old frontispieces and vignettes; but these are excellently done. The title-page of *Belinda* is extremely pretty, and the *ex libris* design (which is peculiar to this book, the others having one in common) is very happy. For the rest, *The Man of Feeling*, being a much shorter novel, has different paper much thicker than the others. No one of the four sets has any ostensible editor, except the Burney, to which Mr. R. B. Johnson plays that part; but sufficient prefatory notices, with biographical and other information, are given to the others and signed "F. J. S."

The secrets of publishers' "books" are usually well kept, and there are those who complain that even the author is not made partaker of them. But we feel a disinterested curiosity to know whether *The Man of Feeling* has kept or regained any hold on the affections of the present day. Mackenzie was a gentleman, a scholar, and an agreeable person, and some of his periodical papers exhibit these three admirable characteristics most unmistakably. But for his novels we own that we have never ourselves been able to get up much affection. The deplorable *Julia de Roubigné* and the trivial and desultory *Man of the World* are, indeed, more trying than his more famous first venture. It is a very little one—so little that its palpable imitation of Sterne on the one hand and the French "sensitivity"-writers on the other has scarcely time to bore, while its undeniable cleverness does much to conciliate. The skit on Johnson is decidedly amusing, and though the hero Harley is a terrible nincompoop, he is a very honourable and respectable person. It is quite certain that people who will not read *The Man of Feeling* will read many things incomparably worse in taste, sense, and English; but the question is, Will they read this, and are they utterly to be blamed if they will not?

There is, fortunately, no need for these hinted doubts in the case of the leash of sister novelists with whom we have joined Mackenzie—a company which, by all accounts, he would have much enjoyed. A little critical reduction may, indeed, be necessary or desirable in the case of one of them from the very high estimates entertained by contemporaries. But all can challenge a place which is very high. From time to time attempts are, indeed, made to belittle Miss Burney. But they will never be

made or approved by any really competent critic. It does not appear that Messrs. Dent intend including *Camilla* or *The Wanderer* in their reprint, and we own to having ourselves found slight difficulties besetting the perusal of *Cecilia*. But we think uncommonly little of the taste of anybody who cannot "taste" *Evelina*. Repeated readings of it at reasonable intervals (for, of course, it is not a book to read once a year, like a play of Shakspeare or a novel of Scott) will only, to judge from our own experience, increase the relish for it in itself, and apart from the historic estimate, while we can vouch for it that the more extensive the critic's reading of contemporary literature, the higher will be his estimate of its original power. Mr. Johnson strikes the right note when he dwells in his introduction on the "freshness," the "spontaneity" of the book. These, indeed, with its remarkable power of observing or imagining character, are its great points, and it may safely be said—without any intention of evening Miss Burney to Fielding, on the whole—that nothing at all resembling them in this respect had appeared since *Joseph Andrews* five and thirty years earlier. Sterne and Smollett were greater geniuses than Frances, no doubt. But neither had the peculiar artlessness, joined with the astonishing art, which was necessary for the portraiture of the Broughtons and Mr. Smith, of Mme. Duval, and of *Evelina* herself. Indeed, this peculiar freshness of touch would seem to be a specially feminine gift, and it is due to it that women have come nearer to men in novel-writing than in any other form of literary production. Of course the book is not in all respects a masterpiece. The mania of the century for long-lost fathers and unrecognized daughters afflicts it with a plot which is in other ways stogy, scrappy, and uninteresting; the Rev. Arthur Villars is one of those persons whom, to use the delicate distinction of a humane speaker, "one would not wish burnt, but would not be sorry to hear that he had been." Lord Orville cannot possibly be defended from the charge of priggishness, and so on, and so on. But, if these things were twenty times worse than they are, the merits of the book would carry them off.

If Miss Frances has sometimes suffered from attempts to deprive her of the pride of place to which Johnson exalted her in her youth and which Macaulay after her death justly maintained, it does not appear to us that Miss Maria has, since her own time and the earlier part of it, ever reached the fame she deserves. She was a little unlucky in her period; for the more towering genius of Scott on the one side, and the more delicate and consummate art of Miss Austen on the other, succeeded her early efforts and coincided with her later, while the profounder and more far-reaching styles of the romance and the novel respectively which these two founded gradually antiquated the more artificial kind of her own work. Yet that work contains extraordinarily good things, even independently of her directly Irish sketches, whether of the Castle Rackrent or of the King Corny type. She has not had very much critical attention of late, and we do not know in what relative estimation *Belinda*, her first very ambitious and elaborate attempt in novel-writing, may be generally held nowadays. We ourselves—though there are things in *Ormond* and *The Absentee* that we like better than anything here—rank it high. Its deficiencies seem to be due partly to old Mr. Edgeworth, who always would be meddling with his daughter's work, and who seems to have insisted on the adjustment of the story to the poetical-justice and moral-tale standard, partly to the still brooding encumbrance of the usual scheme of eighteenth-century romance which in this case, as in Miss Burney's, twenty years earlier, imposed the tedious mystery of Virginia and the priggishness of Clarence Hervey upon it. It is fair, however, to say that Hervey is not anything like such a prig as his Burneyan, still less as his Richardsonian, ancestors; that *Belinda* likewise has (for a good eighteenth-century heroine) remarkable strokes of nature as well as of virtue, and that the relations of Lord and Lady Delacour are sketched with no common skill, the character of the former especially being very much out of the ordinary way and very skilfully adjusted. But by far the most interesting part of the book is its sketch of Lady Delacour in her unregenerate condition, and of her friends Harriot Freke and Mrs. Luttridge, a trio in which the mannish variety of fashionable "fastness," "smartness," call it what you will, among womankind is depicted and satirized as certainly no other modern author had done it before, and in a fashion which has a quite startling modernity even at the present day. Miss Edgeworth, indeed, unlike Miss Burney, has the defect of the writer who draws types rather than individuals. The bloom of the Branghtons is not on these successors of theirs in higher life. Even Lady Delacour is a little bookish and stogy; Harriot Freke does not talk up to her actions and character; and Mrs. Luttridge is a disreputable shadow. Still the type is remarkable, if not the individuals.

All these writers can be looked at through "the firm perspective

* *The Man of Feeling*. By Henry Mackenzie. London: Dent & Co. 1893.

The Novels of Miss Burney—Evelina. 2 vols. London: Dent & Co. 1893.

The Novels of Maria Edgeworth—Belinda. 2 vols. London: Dent & Co. 1893.

The Novels of Charlotte Brontë and her Sisters—Jane Eyre. 2 vols. London: Dent & Co. 1893.

of the past," and there is not the slightest difficulty in judging them with due critical detachment. It is not quite the same with regard to Charlotte Brontë. She might be alive now, an old but not a preternaturally old woman; and, what is more, there is no very essential point in *Jane Eyre* which makes it a book of the last decade of the first half of the nineteenth century rather than one of the last decade of the second. It is not one of those books which "date themselves" by much reference to outward events, manners, and fashions; it was almost entirely written from introspection, or from a very narrow outlook, and in style &c. there is very little that is antiquated. On the other hand, it was, as a matter of fact, written nearly half a century ago, and when most of us were either not born or in the nursery. We have most of us read it for the first time many years ago; it has influenced a vast number of books since; it set an entire fashion in heroes which can hardly be said to be extinct yet. In such cases it is really something of a critical difficulty to see the thing achromatically—a fact of which the youthful critic is not generally aware "while the locks are crisp and curled," though it affects no eyes so strongly as his own.

After endeavouring to allow as much as possible for all these disturbing influences, we should say that the highest estimate which has been held by competent critics of *Jane Eyre* at any time was a little too high, but not very much. Its author had genius, and a good deal of it; she had also observation, and a good deal of that. But her observation had not been very wide, and she had been rather given to look inside than out, even when she had opportunity to do the latter, while her genius was open to that stricture which a younger contemporary of hers was to lay down before her death in reference to English genius in general—that it was "fantastic, and wanted sanity." We all know that Rochester, though he has some admirably live touches, is not quite a live man; we all feel that, though Jane is live enough everywhere, she is something of a feminine prig unnaturally mingled with an unmitigated little minx. We are all aware that the Rivers family are leather and prunella, and that they occupy a most unconscionable cantle of the book. And yet the thing is so unlike things before it, so full of naïf and genial touches, so instinct with imagination, that it is impossible not to understand, and very nearly to share, the *furor* it excited.

SEFTON.*

THE Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, of which the writer of this work is doubtless a distinguished member, has a wide and interesting field for its investigations. But we fancy that within this extensive range there are few more remarkable parochial churches than Sefton. Mr. Caröe's volume *de lure* is lavishly illustrated by effective sketches, so it appeals to the eye as well as to the intelligence. Sefton, as he says, although it has not escaped altogether unscathed, has hitherto survived the Restoration mania. The mischief done has been in great measure repaired by removing lofts and galleries, getting rid of white-wash, and knocking away coatings of cement. The earlier parts of the building date from the fourteenth century, and the entire church furnishes admirable examples of successive styles and transitions in architecture. The steeple, soaring high above the low, battlemented roof, is a conspicuous and singularly graceful object. But the chief interests of Sefton are historical and archaeological. The history of successive generations of Englishmen is written there in stone and in wood, in metal and in stained glass. The interior is rich in quaint and rare antiquities, and the effigies of knights, nobles, and highborn ladies awaken a series of historical memories from the Crusades to the last of the Civil Wars.

The venerable woodwork of the choir stalls and bench-ends, with its varied and elaborate carving, is noteworthy. There are not only the common and conventional symbols of the Passion, but what seem to be symbolic interpretations of Our Lord's teaching and parables. And the date of these pews, the stalls, and some of the screens is supposed to be towards the beginning of the sixteenth century. Sefton is the burial-place of the Molyneux and their predecessors in title, and the numerous brasses and effigies appear to have escaped damage and desecration. Of course, the oldest of them have not been spared by time, so that it is sometimes difficult or impossible to decipher the inscriptions. But there is a significant Cavalier inscription on the oaken pulpit which was put up in 1635; it quotes a text from Proverbs inculcating loyalty and assuming the

doctrine of divine right. For the Barons of Sefton were staunch Royalists, and Caryl, Lord Molyneux, distinguished himself greatly under Prince Rupert at the siege of Liverpool. One of that gallant gentleman's ancestors was a still more distinguished warrior. Sir William of Sefton did good service to Henry VIII. at Flodden and elsewhere. The armour on the recumbent figure suggests curious problems. It is of far more antiquated fashion than the reign of Henry. Some advance the theory that the Knight, hurrying off to the field, made a snatch at the first suit which came to hand. Others argue with more probability that this brass is really a palimpsest, and has been altered to suit the man. In any case two flags taken at Flodden are engraved, for one of them can be recognized as the banner of the Gordons. We hear a great deal of this Sir William, for the contemporary chroniclers had much to say of him. Besides being a very perfect knight, he was an elegant Italian scholar and a spirited agriculturist. There are crossed legs and couchant figures on other tombstones which indicate the resting-places of Crusaders, and there is the brass of a Molyneux who fought at Agincourt. One of his brothers was taken by the Turks, and utterly refused to renounce the Cross, though menaced with all refinements of torture. It would have been too extravagant to carry out the threat, and they sent him home under promise of ransom, but kept his brothers for hostages, with the understanding that they should be cut to pieces were he not to return by a certain day. Considering the uncertainty of travel in those days, the hostages must have passed an anxious time. For example, another brother, who was Bishop of Chichester and Keeper of the Privy Seal to Henry VI., obtained leave to lay down his secular office and travel for the "good of his soul." The worthy prelate got no further than Portsmouth, where he was murdered by some sailors when on the point of embarking.

There is a list of the Rectors, with biographical annotations, from 1360 downwards. We may presume the living was a tolerably lucrative one, since for nearly two hundred years it was held by members of the patron's family; although, indeed, in the time of pluralities, that does not prove much. For the Reverend John Nutter, who was rector in Elizabeth's reign, was known as "The Golden Ass," from the number and richness of his benefices. Though a zealous friend to the Reformed faith, he was compelled reluctantly to undertake the disagreeable duty of searching the houses of Catholic recusants. The Blundells of Crosbie, parishioners of his own, like most of the old families in those parts, were staunch to the old creed; and John Nutter must have been in a painful dilemma when he had twice to arrest the head of the house. Perhaps he did his best in the circumstances by using his influence for the release of Blundell's wife, who was likewise under key at Chester Castle. Morton, who came of the Cheshire Moretons, had almost as many livings as Nutter, but he fell upon evil times in the Civil Wars, though he outlived the troubles and had more luck than most loyal laymen, for he was reinstated in his benefices. Near his mortuary tablet is another to the memory of two Rothwells, father and son, who held the charge in succession for more than a hundred years. There are living villagers who remember Rothwell the younger; he was known as "t'ould Rector," and he died at the patriarchal age of 92. He prided himself on his oratorical and musical gifts, and was wont to practise, like Demosthenes, in the open air. People came from great distances, not for the matter but for the manner of his delivery; and Kemble himself is said to have posted down from London, on the chance of picking up a hint or two. That Rector, to the last, used to mow his own hay crop, and would walk four miles each morning, and even in winter, to take a cold bath in the sea.

The registers begin about 1600; but there were great irregularities during the civil troubles. For about a dozen of years there were no records of marriages, and, what is much more remarkable, there were few deaths. Naturally that proves nothing as to the rates of mortality; for there was sharp fighting in the immediate neighbourhood, especially when Prince Rupert lay in leaguer before Liverpool. But whether there were marriages or no, the baptisms soon begin to be entered frequently and regularly. There were frequent and rather arbitrary collections for repairs and church expenses, which were levied in the old fashion of "fifteens" by the parish constables. The reason for the employment of constables seems to have been that all the old machinery for church maintenance, poor relief, &c., had been swept away at the suppression of the monasteries. In 1652 there is an entry among the burials of a widow lady who had been hanged. Mr. Caröe suggests that she was probably executed for witchcraft, as Matthew Hopkins was busy about that time, and we know that Lancashire was always notorious for its witches. Early in the eighteenth century the opprobrious term "Papist" begins to be affixed to some of the names. At that time "the Plot" and Oates's per-

Sefton: a Descriptive and Historical Account. Comprising the Collected Notes and Researches of the late Rev. Engelbert Borley, M.A., Rector 1871-1893. Together with the Records of the Mock Corporation. By W. D. Caröe and E. J. A. Gordon. London: Longmans & Co. 1893.

juries were already becoming ancient history; but the Jacobites were stirring in the Northern counties, and Mr. Caroe presumes they may have excited the apprehensions of zealous friends of the Protestant Succession. It is certain that for long there were regular entries for the due celebration of the great deliverance from the Powder Treason. Not only was there an abundance of fuel for the burning of Guy Faux, but the parish authorities held high revelry at "The Punchbowl." Then there were charges for keeping the stocks and the ducking-stool in good repair; and also for the maintenance of the parish pound, which figures under the ancient designation of the pinfold.

A great part of the volume is given up to reprinting the records of "the Mock Corporation of Sephton." With their mock titles and their mock ceremonies and the forced humour of mock dignitaries, who were often very dull dogs, they are monotonous and by no means amusing. The members, humbly imitating the more brilliant fraternity of "White's," sometimes indulged in absurd or eccentric bets—and they always distinguished themselves by hard drinking and heavy eating. "Their pew is still to be seen in Sefton Church, in much the same condition as it was 100 years ago, with its three rows of seats for the Burgesses, and a separate square box for the Mayor."

NOVELS.*

THE Great Shadow and Beyond the City show Mr. Conan Doyle both at his best and worst. He has never written anything more graphic, natural, and interesting than the first of these two stories, or more merely farcical than the last. Indeed, it is a matter of regret that they both appear under the same cover. The heart of a boy must be stolid to a degree if it fail to bound at the recital of the adventures of Jock Calder and his friend Jim; while the account of the Battle of Waterloo will hold him breathless. It is more than a twice-told tale; but the decisive battle of our century has never been described with greater vigour than by Mr. Conan Doyle in this small book. And not only is his treatment of the actual engagement something little short of masterly, but the way in which he leads up to it by narrating adventures quite possible in the life of a Lowland boy of that date is highly ingenious. Secluded though he might be on the Berwickshire coast, trouble was in the air, and the yeoman's son was quick to respond to the thrill of its touch. Yet there is no fine writing in the telling of this tale; therefore the impression it makes on the reader is all the deeper and more permanent.

It is almost inconceivable that the man who could write *The Great Shadow* could also be the author of *Beyond the City*. This second story might be turned into a *lever de rideau* for a transpontine theatre with some success, but it is wholly beyond the pale of serious criticism. What is to be said about the proceedings of two girls who, in order to disgust their father with a handsome and strong-minded lady whom he proposes to give them for a stepmother, obey to the letter the precepts she is so fond of inculcating, and make a display of smoking, drinking, and neglecting their duties till the desired end is attained? Extravagance is not humour, neither is the charm of a book enhanced by a series of drawings lacking in grace, in beauty, and in any kind of skill.

Mrs. Jocelyn deserves credit for her effort to introduce a new kind of heroine into the world of novels, and her rather ambitious attempt is not altogether a *succès d'estime*. There is a certain amount of reality and interest about Miss Georgina Pembroke, whose fortune is hardly less colossal than her stature, which is six feet two, while her heart and brain are proportionately smaller than either. Up to a given point she is well-drawn and natural; but in striving to make her straightforward and unconventional Mrs. Jocelyn has exaggerated her effects, conveying the impression that Miss Pembroke was horsey and vulgar. It is likewise a mistake to insist so much on the fact that Miss Pembroke was "one of the most amusing women in London," and that, in spite of her size, her manners, and her clothes, she was "a welcome guest at many a fair and brilliant shrine." Not one word does she ever say that could raise a giggle from the most imbecile schoolgirl. Her talk is chiefly about riding and hunting.

* *The Great Shadow and Beyond the City*. By A. Conan Doyle. Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1893.

For One Season Only. By Mrs. Robert Jocelyn. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1893.

The Prince of India. By Lew Wallace. 2 vols. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1893.

Can this be Love? By Mrs. Parr. London: Longmans & Co. 1893.

Boy Ronald. By May Crommelin. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1893.

Juanita. By J. Fogerty. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1893.

Won at the Last Hole. By M. A. Stobart. London: Cassell & Co. 1893.

and though it is sensible and practical, it is by no means of the mirth-provoking sort. Mrs. Jocelyn has some skill in character-drawing, and the Tomlinson family are alive in their various ways, which is a boon to recognize and be thankful for. She is, however, too much given to repetition, and repeats not only her comments but her expressions, while occasionally her English is a little awkward. She is always describing people and clothes as "utterly impossible," and actions as *gauche*; while she makes use of the phrase "to even smile" (vol. iii. p. 18) when she means "even to smile," and speaks about "really hot flirtations." If Mrs. Jocelyn would condense her matter and chasten her style, her story would gain considerably in crispness, and as she undoubtedly has ability of a certain kind, we should be glad to see her change for the better.

Those who admired the simplicity and unity of *Ben-Hur* will be disappointed with Mr. Wallace's latest work, *The Prince of India*, who is, in other words, our old friend, the Wandering Jew. The "time and the place" are Constantinople, when it is just tottering to its fall, and there is no more momentous or exciting epoch in the world's history. Mr. Wallace, however, though he has steeped himself in secondhand authorities (we have not noticed one *original* quotation), has not been inspired in his narrative. In the first place there is not the faintest reason for elevating the Wandering Jew into his hero. Except for the fact that a hundred and fifty years before the opening of the book, when Dante was still alive, and the Pope had just "made his great refusal," the Wandering Jew had ravaged the hidden tomb of Hiram, King of Tyre, in the mountains beyond Sidon, and taken from it untold wealth and the jewelled sword which was the gift of Solomon, there need have been no connexion with past centuries at all. True, the Jew—or Prince of India, as he prefers to style himself—drops an occasional allusion to having conversed with Mahomet, or having, to his cost, spoken with Christ; but these events make no difference to the development of the story. His dream of a universal religion has been dreamt by others without his advantages, and wealthy and mysterious strangers were "nothing accounted of" in the wonderful East. Indeed, the perpetual introduction of "a stranger," who sometimes turns out to be an old friend and sometimes does not, is a marked feature of *The Prince of India*. Plan of the book there is none, properly so called, but only a confused jumble of unmeaning characters, events that lead to nothing, religious dissertations, extracts from letters, sermons, synods, recitations, water parties, and kidnappings, till the reader's brain becomes as muddled as Old Kaspar's. Even the crowning scene of the fall of the Empire fails to rouse Mr. Wallace out of the dead level of flatness. For, curious as it may seem to those who were deeply impressed with *Ben-Hur*, he has lost all power of narration, and no longer commands the attention of the reader. His material needs arranging and condensing, and his style needs—everything! It would be well for Mr. Wallace to grasp the truth that the liberal use of the vocative case does not necessarily convey an impression of local colour, and contrasts but oddly with the "newspaper English" of the rest of the paragraph. Also that the title of Majesty did not come into vogue till the reign of Charles V., fifty years later. "To be displayed of holidays on the prow" is hardly graceful, and the expression "to rouse the daylight" falls unpleasantly on the ear. The remark of the Russian monk that his name of Metrophanes did not please him, and that he had "re-entitled himself," is singular, and there is something comic in the patronizing reference of the Wandering Jew to "dear old Israel," meaning not Jacob, but the race. Altogether *The Prince of India* gives the idea of an elaborate *réchauffé*, wherein any faint purpose that the writer may originally have had in his mind has been completely crowded out by the abundant materials collected together from standard works—materials which he has sought vainly to make readable by the introduction of the most shadowy of love-stories.

Can this be Love? is a very artless book. It is the story of a little, very middle-class girl, who is left a fortune by her uncle because his adopted nephew had displeased him. The little girl is taken from home and placed with a well-born and remarkably gushing lady, to whose son she ultimately becomes engaged. Before the wedding-day, however, the lover behaves with such rudeness to his *fiancée's* family that the match is broken off, and after some months the heiress finally marries the disinherited nephew. In her description of the hard-working Clarksons, and, indeed, of Stella herself, Mrs. Parr shows cleverness and discrimination; but Mrs. Stapleton talks like an idiot, and her son like a "walking gentleman." Any woman of any sense would have known that the surest way to disgust a girl with a young man would be to allude to him and praise him from morning till night. Yet this is what Mrs. Stapleton does, with the happiest results.

Sometimes, it must be confessed, her listeners must have been rather puzzled to distinguish her praise from her blame, as, for instance, when she remarks complacently (p. 31) of Vivian that "He has the most fastidious taste of any one I ever met. Already he is a perfect aesthete, and promises to become a *virtuoso*—a *dilettante* of the highest order." As regards his choice of language, he certainly fulfilled his promise better than most of us, for on p. 97, when his mother asks him if he looks on himself as engaged to Stella, he replies seriously, and with a fine sense of alliteration, "I look on us as affiliated in the fetters of affinity. I hate that word 'engaged.' Ultimately we shall further strengthen the bond by being united in that spiritual sacrament called by the masses marriage."

It rarely happens that the hero of a novel on whom everything depends is never mentioned at all till the second volume, and then referred to but seldom. Yet this is the case with Bay Ronald, the horse that wins the race and the property and the wife in Miss Crommelin's last story. But Bay Ronald is a very different creature from the horses of Whyte Melville, whom we all know and love, and even in a less degree from those of Hawley Smart. To these gentlemen a horse was as much a part of their being as their own arms and legs; but Miss Crommelin's beast is a mere shadow of a horse, and no more a personal possession than the quadruped you hire at so much an hour for a canter along the sands. These differences cannot be reasoned about; they can only be felt, and it is not easy to get up any enthusiasm for Bay Ronald's masters and mistresses, actual or potential. They are kidnapped and escape, are dispossessed and restored, maligned and rehabilitated, love and lose; they run the whole gamut of sensation and emotion, but they never make our hearts beat one whit the faster for all their adventures. It is in vain that Dick Saxby's father introduces a literal skeleton at a feast; it is in vain that he is tricked of his property by his cleverer cousin—the reader might be digesting the account of some local sports, it leaves him so unmoved. Perhaps Miss Crommelin has chosen a subject unsuited to her, she may be more fortunate next time.

If *Bay Ronald* is rather flat and tame, *Juanita* is infinitely flatter and tamer. It deals mostly with the islands in Galway Bay, the scene of Miss Lawless's *Grania*; but Mr. Fogerty has not Miss Lawless's art of enabling her readers to enter into the life she is describing. The adventures of Juanita and a sailor who is always referred to as "Lieutenant" Condro are not very probable, neither are they particularly ingenious, and when the characters are shifted from Ireland to foreign seas they do not grow more interesting. There is no special fault to be found with the book. It is eminently harmless, and though the author is rather fond of long sentences they can generally be construed with a little attention; but it is dull.

Won at the Last Hole is an effort at humour, in which the tedium of the letterpress is only to be equalled by that of the illustrations. Thousands of such books flood the railway book-stalls during the holiday season, and the fact that they do so flood them is the author's best excuse for their production.

LAND REVENUE IN BOMBAY.*

AMONG the gravest responsibilities of the Indian Government are those arising from the circumstance that it is the greatest landlord in the world. Its rental forms by far the most considerable portion of its entire revenues, and the management of its relations with its tenants is a matter which vitally affects alike its own finances and the well-being of the vast agricultural population by which the rent is paid. The first British administrators of the country adopted, of necessity, the methods of replenishing the public exchequer which they found in existence, and were constrained, at the outset, to levy the land revenue on the same principles and by the same methods as those sanctioned by their predecessors. A very short experience sufficed to show that these were in the highest degree wasteful and oppressive. The cultivator of the soil had, in every part of the country, borne the ultimate burden of a despotism which, under varying forms, was consistent in the policy of recognizing no proprietorship in land except its own, and no limit to its exactions except the proved inability of its subjects to bear another turn of the screw. In Bombay the oppression had been especially severe, because the Mahrattas had fashioned the revenue arrangements of Akbar's great Minister, Rajah Todarmal, in accordance with their own predatory instincts, and in the outlying parts of their dominions

collected the land revenue by the simple expedient of an invading army, with the leader of which the landowners were glad to come to terms sooner than expose their estates to indiscriminate pillage. A still more pernicious system was introduced at the Mahratta Court, where it became the fashion to farm out the right of collecting the land revenue to the highest bidder, who, in turn, passed it on to some inferior contractor, the process of sub-letting being continued, until at last the privilege of squeezing the peasant was vested in some petty local tyrant, thoroughly versed in the resources of the neighbourhood, and prepared to enforce payment by seizure of goods, imprisonment, and even torture. The Mahratta peasant, however, could afford to pay a heavy rent, for he was, during a portion of the year, himself a plunderer, and brought home from his annual forays enough to satisfy the exactions of the authorities. As the Mahratta power declined, these pleasant methods of supplementing an insufficient income disappeared, and when the British appeared on the scene, many portions of the Bombay province had been abandoned by the cultivators, who were no longer able to sustain the exorbitant demands of the Mahratta prince and his unscrupulous delegates. A graphic account of the prevailing disorganization is given by Mountstuart Elphinstone, who became Governor of Bombay shortly after the annexation of the Peshwah's domains at the close of the third Mahratta War, in 1818. He found the whole revenue system in chaos. The officials were mere speculators, without compunction or motive for forbearance. The land-tax was levied with a sole view to the supposed resources of the individual, irrespective of the area or quality of his holding. No true land record existed, the accounts were fictitious, every form of corruption prevailed, and every one, officials, landowners, and tenants alike, conspired to baffle and mislead the new rulers of the country. With the reforms instituted by Mountstuart Elphinstone began the process of improvement and elaboration which has resulted in rendering the Bombay Land Revenue Department one of the most perfect and exact pieces of machinery to be found in the whole system of British administration. The author of the present volumes has been, throughout a long and distinguished career, intimately connected with it, both as a Settlement officer and Collector of a district, and subsequently as the Head Revenue Commissioner for the northern portion of the Presidency. He is perfect master of his subject, and the minute and intimate acquaintance which he shows with every detail of the history of Bombay Settlements, and with the past and present condition of every portion of the province, is in itself a striking exemplification of the conscientious thoroughness with which this portion of the Imperial task in British India is fulfilled. So complete and comprehensive a survey of a half-century's administrative work could be achieved only by one who has devoted the industry of a lifetime to it, and has realized by experience the importance of the seemingly trivial changes and developments which he records. In few countries, we believe, could such striking evidence be given of the unremitting and zealous care of the Government for the interests of the rural population. In none, we are sure, does a more faithful record exist of every incident—soil, climate, rainfall, neighbourhood of great towns, means of locomotion, character and habits of the population—everything, in fact, which bears on the resources of the landowner and the rental which he can, in equity, be called upon to pay. The operation by which this question is determined for a term, generally, of thirty years, is in India called a "Settlement." The Bombay Settlements have at times been topics of somewhat ardent controversy, and have been severely criticized as pressing too hardly upon the landed interest. The troubles which have beset certain classes of agriculturists in the Deccan, and more than once necessitated exceptional legislation, have lent colour to these animadversions. The present volumes are the Government's best apology for its proceedings. They show, at any rate, that no trouble has been spared in ascertaining the real facts of the case, in rectifying mistakes, in modifying unsuccessful experiments, and watching for any symptoms of distress. The warmth with which such subjects are debated in Indian official circles—of which Mr. Rogers's volumes afford frequent indications—is but the natural and wholesome outcome of the interest which the Revenue officer takes in his duties, and the earnestness which inspires his efforts for their conscientious discharge. It would be difficult to believe that officials as painstaking and well informed as Mr. Rogers could be betrayed into hasty conclusions, unsound reasoning, or ill-considered action. It would be too much to expect our English Radical to consult volumes which are meaningless to him, but the patient and truth-seeking student. But it would be well if the glib Parliamentary critic of Indian administration could realize, by a few hours' study of Mr. Rogers's precise and unflagging narrative, how vast an amount of thought, labour, and patience has been devoted to the elaboration of a single

* *The Land Revenue of Bombay: a History of its Administration, Rise, and Progress.* By Alexander Rogers, Bombay Civil Service. 2 vols. W. H. Allen & Co.

department of the system, which ignorant sciolism is so eager to expose, denounce, or revolutionize.

The provisional arrangements inaugurated by Mountstuart proved incontestably that even the reduced assessment fixed by the British was more than the people could endure, and that the machinery for assessing and collecting land revenue was hopelessly defective. More searching inquiry, more precise information, a better class of native officials, and more efficient European supervision were essential to any real improvement. In 1835 these convictions took form in experimental Settlement operations, which were of a far more precise and systematic character than any hitherto effected. The success of the experiment was such that the Government resolved on its more general application, and in 1847 a conclave of the chief Revenue officials assembled at Poonah, for the purpose of drawing up a uniform code of Settlement procedure. The rules then prescribed have, with certain modifications, been accepted in all subsequent operations; and, thanks to the care and exactitude with which these have been carried out, the Government of Bombay possesses a Survey map of every acre of revenue-paying land, and a record of title, and a valuation of the soil more complete and trustworthy than anything of the kind to be found in any other part of India, and, probably, in any other part of the world. The Revenue unit adopted for the Survey is known as the "field," the area which it is supposed that a peasant can plough with a pair of bullocks. This varies with the soil, from twenty acres of light dry soil to twelve acres for heavy plough land, and four acres of irrigated rice-fields. The delimitation of these "fields" is the first part of the Settlement operations; then comes the process of classifying the soil, according to its quality, depth, means of irrigation and "accidents," of which there are no less than seven, to which the classifier is bound to have regard. The report of the classifier is next submitted to the superintendent of the Settlement, who then proposes a rate for the locality, and this, after passing the ordeal of a small hierarchy of officials, is considered and, if approved, sanctioned by the Government. The general rate for the local area being thus determined, its incidence on each particular "field" is worked out mechanically by the officials on the spot. These elaborate arrangements are believed to go far towards rendering oppression on the one hand, and fraud and collusion on the other, impossible, and to have been a great advance, alike upon the Bengal Permanent Settlement, which left the ryot at the mercy of his landlord, and the Madras Ryotwari system, which brought the Government into immediate contact with each individual cultivator, and by its frequent revision opened a wide door to the extortion and chicanery which so seriously enhance the difficulties of Indian administration. As it is, the Bombay ryot holds a well-defined, heritable, and alienable estate, secure from all arbitrary interference, and infeasible, except on the ground of non-payment of rent. Subsequent legislation has provided precautions against a possible enhancement of rent, grounded on improvements effected by the tenant. Thus safeguarded, the Bombay ryot has nothing to fear from any one but himself. Unfortunately, his newly-conferred powers have sometimes been rashly used, and he and his lands have been absorbed by the money-lender, who, in the East as in the West, is ever on the alert to take advantage of recklessness and inexperience.

Our limits forbid us to do more than refer to the many interesting lights which the official correspondence, quoted by Mr. Rogers, throws on the contemporaneous history of the province. Thus, we find Sir Thomas Munro reporting, in 1800, that within the preceding forty years the population of the district of Canara had been lessened by a third, and that its prosperity had suffered a still more serious reduction. This change was, he writes, "brought about by the invasion of Hyder; the four wars which have happened since that event; by Tippoo himself destroying many of the principal towns upon the coast, and forcing the inhabitants to remove to Jumalabad, and other unhealthy stations near the hills; by his seizing in one night all the Christian men, women, and children, and sending them, to the number of 60,000, into captivity to Mysore, from which not one-tenth of them ever returned; by the general corruption of the Government." All these horrors, however, had, Sir Thomas Munro considered, produced less calamitous results than the exorbitant land assessment, which the native rulers ruthlessly exacted from the cultivators of the soil. In 1817 again we find Sir Thomas Munro drawing a dark picture of Mahratta misrule, and discussing the best means of replacing it by more civilized and civilizing power. "The Mahratta Government," he says, "from its foundation has been one of the most destructive that ever existed in India. It never relinquished the predatory spirit of its founder, Sivági. That spirit grew with its power, and, when its empire extended from the Ganges to the Káveri, this nation was little better than

a horde of imperial thieves. All other Hindu States took pride in the improvement of the country, and in the construction of temples, ponds, canals, and other public works. They did not seek their revenue in the improvement of the country, but in the exaction of an established tribute from their neighbours, and in predatory incursions to levy more tribute. Though now, fortunately, obliged to relinquish their claims, the wish to revive them will never cease but with the extinction of their power. A Government so hostile in its principles to improvement and tranquillity ought, if possible, to be overthrown." Such were the opposing forces with which the founders of British rule in India were confronted, and such the general chaos out of which it was their task to construct a lasting fabric of peace, order, and national prosperity. Mr. Rogers's interesting volumes may be correctly summarized as an exact and unpretentious description of the mode in which one, and that the most vitally important, portion of the task has been fulfilled. Mr. Rogers and his fellow-labourers are to be congratulated on its successful accomplishment.

WITH THACKERAY IN AMERICA.*

IT is very easy to understand that for forty years past it has been a gratifying and a constant reflection to Mr. Eyre Crowe that he was chosen to accompany Thackeray to America, and to lighten the material responsibilities of that great and delightful man. But the silence which he has hitherto kept on the subject was highly judicious, and we are very sorry that he has been tempted to break it. He says, modestly enough, that he has often "wished for the stenographic power which enables many chroniclers to give the charm of the random talk of gifted men." It is better to admit at once that Mr. Crowe does not possess this power in any appreciable degree. It is really surprising that any man could live in such excellent company and be able to take away so little. Mr. Crowe does not seem to recall a single characteristic phrase of Thackeray's, nor an impression of any kind, hardly an incident of travel, concerning his illustrious companion. The emptiness of the record is something almost whimsical. The reader is tempted to suspect a mystification; no one, he fancies, could intentionally have been so inattentive.

Mr. Crowe, however, is an artist by profession, and his book is full of sketches. These are certainly more amusing than his reminiscences. Mr. Crowe has, or had forty years ago, a kind of skill in representing crowds of people in the interior of buildings. This, we think, was his leading gift as a sketcher. The drawing which is most of an acquisition in the present volume is one which represents Thackeray, in a sort of chapel called the Melodeon, at Boston, in the act of delivering one of his lectures. This is quite curious, and worthy of preservation. Good, too, though very slight, is the sketch of Theodore Parker preaching at the Tabernacle, in New York, and that of the Friends' Meeting House in Philadelphia. There are, moreover, caricatures of a certain number of the most prominent Americans who were flourishing in 1853, which ought to be of value, if we were not a little inclined to doubt Mr. Eyre Crowe's power of catching a likeness. If Washington Irving was like the head on p. 84, he could not possibly be like that on p. 85; the types are diametrically opposed—the one has a subjected and shallow nose, sceptical and timid, the other a full proboscis projecting into the void with a beautiful curve of self-sufficiency. Nothing will persuade us that the sort of Hogarth beggar on p. 31 was ever a proper presentment of the urbane and elegant Mr. Ticknor. On the other hand, the sketches of Bancroft, of Curtis, and of Prescott may have a certain slight and superficial value. But Mr. Crowe had certainly not learned how to draw in 1853.

It seems that Thackeray proposed to Mr. Crowe to organize and arrange the business part of his lecturing tour in the United States, having beforehand tested his skill as a secretary and amanuensis. On the 29th of October, 1852, they started from Liverpool, the ship carrying also Lowell and Arthur Hugh Clough, about neither of whom Mr. Crowe seems able to recollect the most trifling particular. Thackeray's was, at the moment, not a very popular name in the States, and not an interviewer came out, as he entered Boston harbour, to know how their great institutions were likely to strike him. How they presently struck Mr. Crowe the reader may discover, if he can, from the following cryptic sentence:—

"In trying to recall first impressions as they struck us newcomers in this land of kith and kin, I seem to have been chiefly exercised by the precocity of youthful callings, mostly tending to the acquisition of knowledge, and, along with it, the craving for intelligent mental pleasures."

* *With Thackeray in America.* By Eyre Crowe, A.R.A. London: Cassell & Co.

LAW-BOOKS.*

TWO exceedingly interesting volumes concerning the Privy Council are published contemporaneously, and afford a striking exhibition of the manifold activity of that remarkable body, one in the later days of Queen Mary, and the other during a part of the reign of Queen Victoria. The first is the sixth volume of the *Acts of the Privy Council of England*, authoritatively printed and published under the editorship of Mr. J. R. Dasent. The volume begins with the proceedings of the Council on the 3rd of October, 1556, and is carried down to a couple of days before the Queen's death in November 1558. The principal matters of historical interest to which the minutes refer are the ineffectual endeavours made for the relief of Calais and Guisnes, and the forced loans to which a great many recipients of "privy seals" seem to have been extremely reluctant to contribute. For many days together the summoning or attendance of persons bound over to appear before the Council to answer for their negligence in this respect appear without intermission. The most striking feature of the "lettres" which the Council issued is the miscellaneous indefiniteness of function which they indicate. Side by side with instructions for enlisting troops, endeavouring to raise the siege of Calais, and the like, the reader comes constantly upon the most petty details of police matters, such as are now left to clerks to justices, and prosecuting solicitors. Thus, in February 1556, "Serjaunt Browne" is instructed to prosecute Henry Broke, at the Essex Assizes, for "leude woordes spoken of the Quenes Majestie," and "for that the woordes are so detestable as no honest eares can abide to here them, he is willed to open sum suche parte of them as maie serve for evidence to the jurie according to his good discrecion, leaving out the rest which are not convenient to be uttered." Eighteen months later the Serjeant receives a "lettre . . . of thanks for his diligence in proceeding with Trudge according to his demerites, he is willed to procede with the rest of his complices according to the qualitie of their offences; and towching the distributing of Trudge's bed and quarters, thier determination is well liked, whiche he is willed to cause to be executed accordingly." In those days the Council did for the whole country work which now occupies innumerable Boards, central and local, and did not by any means share Mr. Asquith's views as to the desirability of confining within the narrowest possible limits the interference of the Executive with the local maintenance of the Queen's peace. To the historical student this series of publications is invaluable, and in printing and indexing the work leaves little to be desired. Mr. Dasent discusses, in a short preface, the history of the period covered.

A very different work is Mr. Wheeler's synopsis of the Privy Council Appeals decided from 1876 to 1891. It is not, in fact, a synopsis so much as a catalogue, being a note of every judgment pronounced by the Committee from 1876 (when the Judicature Acts came into operation) to the end of 1891. Like the

Acts of the Privy Council, these notes are arranged chronologically, and without any attempt at classification. Like them, also, they are amazing in the diversity which is their main characteristic, and that both as to subject-matter and as to locality. As every one knows, the Judicial Committee hears appeals not only with regard to ecclesiastical and some other matters arising in England, but also from all British colonies and from every part of the world where a British court of justice sits. It is not easy, however, for any one to realize the meaning of these statements in any other way so clearly and impressively as by turning over the pages of Mr. Wheeler's volume. The names of Bengal, New South Wales, Madras, Hong Kong, British Guiana, the Isle of Man, British Honduras, the Consular Court at Constantinople, Oudh, Lower Canada, Malta, Rangoon, Ontario, the Windward Islands, Jersey, the Cape, the Straits Settlements, New Zealand, Gibraltar, and a dozen other jurisdictions, occur within a hundred pages, and the book contains in all notes of somewhere about fifteen hundred appeals. The subjects of appeal vary from the construction of a statute passed by the Legislature of Victoria to the ownership of an Indian family idol; and one is tempted to say that no department of human life is left altogether unexplored. As a monument of the results of empire the volume is extraordinary, as an index of decisions it may be very useful to persons concerned with litigation before the Committee; but the scheme of the work and the scale on which it is written of course preclude anything like a complete report of the judgments enumerated. Nevertheless the notes are surprisingly full, and, as far as we have been able to test them here and there, appear to indicate that Mr. Wheeler has brought to his self-imposed task much learning and skill, and remarkable industry.

We are glad to infer from the issue of a fourth edition, only eight years after the appearance of the first, that Mr. Dicey's book on Constitutional Law has taken and keeps the place it deserves in the esteem of legal students and examiners. The new part of the work is a note, some ten pages long, in the Appendix, upon the "Distinction between a 'Parliamentary Executive' and a 'Non-Parliamentary Executive.'" The author observes that the subject "is one of some novelty, and will be found to possess considerable importance." This is true, though the importance is not of the same practical character as that attaching to the companion notes upon the "Right of Self-Defence," and "Questions as to the Right of Public Meeting." Both of these have appeared before, and are well known to everybody who is in any sense qualified to discuss them. The discourse as to the two sorts of Executive is comparatively academic, but not less valuable to the student who wants to acquire a precise and trustworthy understanding of the words he uses in discussions upon constitutional law. The distinction between Parliamentary and Non-Parliamentary Executives "affords," as Mr. Dicey justly observes, "a new principle for the classification of Constitutions," and also one that is rather instructive. As every one knows, the Executive of the United States is non-Parliamentary, and so is that of the German Empire. The Executive of the French Republic is in form nearly, and in substance strictly, Parliamentary. Our own Executive, as any one acquainted with English institutions would expect, occupies a thoroughly paradoxical position. Theoretically non-Parliamentary, it has since the Revolution been, and been supposed to be, substantially Parliamentary, and Mr. Dicey hazards an ingenious speculation that it may even now, owing to "the increasing authority of the electorate," be becoming non-Parliamentary. Before the Revolution it was, of course, entirely non-Parliamentary, and the suggestion underlying Mr. Dicey's hypothesis is obviously that the progress of democracy is tending to substitute the Gladstone of the moment for the Buckingham or the Wolsey of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Mr. Dicey indicates, as far as the limits of his "note" will allow, the qualities and the defects of each style of Executive, and the essay as a whole is worthy of his reputation.

Dr. Fraser, observing "the large and increasing number of actions" for libel and slander "with which the Courts are now occupied," has added another to the existing text-books on the subject. It is a very much shorter and slighter book than Dr. Odgers's standard work on the same topic. It seems, however, to be a good little book as far as it goes. The substance of the law is stated, somewhat briefly, in fifty-seven "articles," of which the last eight refer to criminal prosecutions. One appendix contains some judicious observations upon the conduct of civil actions, together with a few forms of pleadings, and another contains the statutes and parts of statutes in force from Fox's Act down to the Slander of Women Act, 1891. The index is full, and appears to be complete.

The somewhat rare congratulation is due to Mr. Henry Disney that, as far as we know, he has succeeded in exploring a path not

* *Acts of the Privy Council of England*. New Series. Vol. VI. A.D. 1556-1558. Edited by direction of the Lord President of the Council by John Roche Dasent, Barrister-at-Law, M.A. Published by the Authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury and the Master of the Rolls. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode, Printers to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty. 1893.

Privy Council Law. A Synopsis of all the Appeals decided by the Judicial Committee from 1876 to 1891 inclusive. By George Wheeler, of the Inner Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law (and of the Judicial Department of the Privy Council). Published by permission of the Lord President of the Council. London: Stevens & Sons. 1893.

Introduction to the Study of the Law of the Constitution. By A. V. Dicey, Q.C., B.C.L., of the Inner Temple, Vinerian Professor of English Law. Fourth edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

Principles and Practice of the Law of Libel and Slander. By Hugh Fraser, M.A., LL.D., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "The Law of Libel in its Relation to the Press." London: Reeves & Turner. 1893.

The Law Relating to Schoolmasters. By Henry W. Disney, B.A., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: Edward Arnold. 1893.

Commercial Law. An Elementary Text-book for Commercial Classes. By J. E. C. Munro, LL.M., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law; formerly Professor of Law in the Owens College, Manchester. London: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

A Digest of the Law and Practice Relating to the Office of Coroner. By Sidney Taylor, B.A., Solicitor, Deputy Coroner for the Honour of Tutbury (North Derbyshire). London: Horace Cox. 1893.

Oaths and Affirmations in Great Britain and Ireland. By Francis A. Stringer, of the Central Office, Royal Courts of Justice, one of the Editors of the "Annual Practice." Second edition. London: Stevens & Sons.

The Law of Corporations and Companies; a Treatise on the Doctrine of Ultra Vires. By Seward Brice, M.A., LL.D., of the Inner Temple, one of Her Majesty's Counsel. Third edition. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1893.

Chapters on the Law Relating to the Colonies. By Charles James Tarring, M.A., Author of "British Consular Jurisdiction in the East" &c. Second edition. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1893.

Wilson's Epitome of Public Acts, 54 & 55, 55 & 56 Victoria, Sessions 1890-91-92. By Robert T. Poole, Statistician. London: Edingham Wilson & Co. 1893.

previously trodden by lawyers in search of a subject. His monograph upon the *Law relating to Schoolmasters* is, he tells us, "written for schoolmasters in the first place," but, although his style is easy and his references few, his modest hope that "members of the legal profession may also find it useful" upon occasion, seems to us quite likely to be fulfilled. For in these days the numbers of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses is very large indeed, and in one way and another many of them must frequently be in want of advice, and Mr. Disney's book is well calculated to set their advisers upon the track of what they want to find out. It will be borne in mind that compliance with that part of the Elementary Education Acts which concerns attendance at school is the affair, not of the schoolmaster, but of the parent, and is, therefore, not within the scope of Mr. Disney's work. But the schoolmaster's various rights and liabilities, civil and criminal, towards his customers, employers, and others, seem to have been sufficiently classified and discussed. We cannot but regret that Mr. Disney did not find room for an *obiter dictum*—possibly not reported—of Mr. Justice Mathew's in a case of *Gardner v. Bygrave*, wherein the Court held that reasonable caning on the hand was not *ipso facto* an unlawful assault, as some wonderful magistrate had held it to be. Counsel for the respondent, admitting that the right of corporal punishment existed, was arguing that it must be inflicted on ascertained portions of the human frame, of which the hand was not one. He urged in support of this ingenious theory that it could not be lawful to punish so as to interfere with the "occupations" of the culprit. "How if his occupations are sedentary?" asked the judge.

Feeling a certain dubiety about what "commercial classes" are, what sort of "text-books" they require, and how they make use of them, we are not without diffidence in approaching the task of criticizing the little volume Mr. Munro has compiled for use as a text-book by those attending such classes. The principal topics of the work are contracts, partnership, principal and agent, sale of goods, insurance, charter-parties, bills of lading, bills of exchange, warranty, and bankruptcy. The work consists of short, and on a superficial view accurate, paragraphs containing, without references, legal propositions on these and some other subjects. The work is about the average size of a school-book, and as it contains less than two hundred pages, it is evident that there are enough elementary propositions to be made on the above-mentioned topics to fill it several times over. We do not doubt that Mr. Munro's selection has been judicious, and if the students attending lectures on mercantile law become thoroughly familiar with all those he sets before them, it will do them nothing but good. There is a glossary of legal terms.

An admirable little book on the duties of Coroners is published by Mr. Sidney Taylor. It is a "digest" on the alphabetical principle, and contains a short and succinct statement of the law, with references, upon such topics as, for instance, Evidence, Execution, Exhumation, Expenses, Explosives, and Suicide, Summonses, Treasure Trove, Vaccination, Verdict, View, and the like. There is also a considerable collection of statutes likely to be useful, and another of forms in common use. To a medical coroner, especially, it should be invaluable as a portable compendium of his duties. It is small enough to be carried in the pocket, but would be still more convenient for that purpose if the corners of the covers were rounded. For so small a book the amount of information it contains is surprising, and its possession would go far towards enabling an intelligent person to hold an inquest without any previous knowledge of the law.

Three years have sufficed to bring to a second edition Mr. Stringer's little book on *Oaths and Affirmations*. The number of persons who have from time to time to administer oaths is very large, and the inference is that they have found this volume useful. It deals with the appointments and powers of Commissioners for the taking of oaths, with swearing to affidavits and documents generally, and with swearing *videlicet* witnesses in Court and out of it. It is fully supplied with forms, and holds, rightly in our opinion, that the power of administering oaths "in the form and manner usual in Scotland" is now co-extensive with the power of administering oaths at all.

"Joint-stock Companies," says Mr. Seward Brice in the preface to the third edition of his *Ultra Vires*, "fill a position in modern social economy of ever-increasing weight and significance," and herein every one must agree with him. One consequence is that his book has outgrown its name, and, though "Brice on the Doctrine of *Ultra Vires*" is too well known a phrase to have disappeared from the cover of the work, the author avows that he would have preferred to call it, as he more correctly might, a "Treatise on the Law of Corporations and Companies, with special reference to the Doctrine of *Ultra Vires*." The edition is to a considerable extent re-

written, and there is no reason to doubt that the industry and ability which have made the preceding editions a standard work have accompanied its present development. Frequent and full reference is made to American and Colonial decisions, and in the latter case the date of the decision is added to the reference. The addition of the date is always convenient, except when rendered unnecessary by the incorporation of the date with the title of the Report, as is the case with the *Law Reports* at present. Mr. Brice, however, clings to the old fashion of putting references to cases in footnotes, from which in his next edition we wish him a good (and speedy) deliverance.

The Law Relating to the Colonies, by Mr. Tarring, British Consul, and Assistant-Judge of the Supreme Consular Court at Constantinople, of which we have received a second and enlarged edition, is a short but well-arranged treatise on the laws and constitutions of British colonies generally. The volume also contains an elaborate "topical index" of cases decided on appeal from the colonies, Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man. This is arranged alphabetically according to subject-matter, and consists of such descriptions of the cases as are supplied in the head-notes to *Fisher's Digest*. There is also a useful list of Imperial Statutes affecting the different colonies.

Messrs. Effingham Wilson & Co. publish as one of their shilling handbooks a list, in chronological order, of all the principal public Acts of Parliament passed in 1890-92 inclusive. It is of interest to any one wishing to obtain a bird's-eye view of the legislative achievements of the country during those years. The style is not always perfect. "This Act [the Supreme Court of Judicature Act, 1891] provides that an ex-Lord Chancellor shall be a Judge of the Court of Appeal, if upon the request of the Lord Chancellor he consents to do so," recalls the famous allegation that "The horse is a noble animal, but when he is irritated he will not do so."

VERTEBRATE EMBRYOLOGY.*

IT seems reasonable to suggest that the proper study of medical mankind should be man; but, according to Professor Milnes Marshall, the medical student has not hitherto drawn all his embryological learning from the facts of human development. He has had to put up with "rabbits, pigs, chickens, or even dog-fish." These are all excellent creatures in their way; but their way of development is not that followed by the human fetus. So the unfortunate student may become loaded with quite inaccurate knowledge. Professor Marshall has set himself the task of rectifying this state of affairs, and the newest feature in his text-book is the very fairly complete account of the stages of development of man. From the nature of the case, our knowledge of the development of our own species is not by any means so full as of that of other animals.

In the art of writing text-books Professor Marshall has, in our opinion, no superior; he puts his facts in the clearest and shortest way possible, and the diagrams (largely original) are always perfect models of lucidity; this expression of opinion, too, is by no means based solely on the work before us. The only fault that we desire to find with this book is its too strict adherence to the much used and often abused "type system." Professor Marshall might, we think, have salted his compressed learning with references to allied forms and with some theory; this would have caused it to keep better in the mind of the reader. There is nothing like a little theory for threading together facts; it doesn't so much matter what theory; the point is that there should be some connecting strands of comparison; the absence of such must produce upon the mind of the student the impression that everything in embryology is settled, and that each creature dealt with stands by itself. We do not mean to say that the comparative method is entirely ignored, but we do assert that it is not brought into sufficient prominence. The comparative part is, in fact, practically relegated to the first 36 pages—not by any means too liberal an allowance. Considering the paramount importance of embryology in the study of philosophical zoology, it is surprising how few text-books there are upon the subject. We remember the time—nor is it so long since—when there was positively not a single text-book in English; the first work was, of course, that embodied in two monumental and truly epoch-making volumes by the late Frank Balfour; since then one or two others have appeared, and a few more have been translated from the German. But if the text-books are few in number, they are excellent in quality, and have been invariably written by men who were acquainted with the subject through their own investigations; this is pre-eminently the case with the volume now under review. The author is one of the

* *Vertebrate Embryology*. By A. Milnes Marshall, D.Sc., F.R.S., &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1893.

highest authorities upon embryology, and more particularly upon the embryology of vertebrate animals. His own name constantly and justly occurs in the bibliographical references which he gives at the conclusion of each section. These references have been, he remarks, deliberately curtailed; only those books and memoirs which are of first-rate importance are set down. This system appears to us to be an excellent one; it is too common for the writer of such text-books to load his chapters with detailed lists of all the papers upon the subject. Professor Marshall does wisely in ignoring all but those sources of information which are necessary to be known.

In these days of rapid publication it is not a little difficult for the writer of a text-book to be thoroughly up to date; the early chapters constantly need revision before the last are out of the printer's hands. Professor Marshall, however, so far as we have tested him, has only failed in one instance to give the latest results; and even here we may be doing him an injustice. The case to which we refer is that of *Amphioxus*. This animal is a small, transparent, fish-like creature, which lives for the most part modestly buried in the sand of shallow seas. In spite of its retiring habits, it is thought a great deal of by zoologists, at any rate by some zoologists, including Professor Marshall. There are, in fact, two parties—those who regard *Amphioxus* with the greatest respect as an ancestral vertebrate, and those who write of it with contumely as a degenerate beast. Now, according to Professor Marshall, *Amphioxus* labours under the disadvantage of possessing no excretory system; or, to be more accurate, he does not refer to anything of the kind by that name. As he is one of those who look upon *Amphioxus* as an ancestor, this omission is important. Quite recently—possibly too recently for incorporation in the present work—an excretory system has been discovered, which, consisting as it does of a series of paired segmental tubes opening into a longitudinal duct, recapitulates a phase which is transitory in the higher vertebrates. One of the most important results of embryology formulated many years ago is the discovery that animals, in the course of their development, pass through stages which correspond to the adult condition of lower forms. Professor Marshall uses, in this book and elsewhere, an excellent and pithy sentence for expressing this. He remarks that every animal, in the course of its development, climbs up its own genealogical tree. This is a much better phrase than the somewhat bombastic "ontogeny is a recapitulation of phylogeny" of Professor Haeckel. This generalization being undoubtedly true, embryology has an obvious importance in the more theoretical aspects of zoology. It is for this reason that it forms so necessary a discipline to the student of that science. But the essential deductions which can be drawn are often so hidden by a telescoping of stages into one another, and by confusion of various kinds, that the unravelling of the tangled mass of facts baffles even the most competent investigators. We have, for example, no certain data as to such an important question as the origin of the vertebrata. Turned loose among the numerous and complicated facts detailed in Professor Marshall's handbook, the student requires some guidance; this seems to us to be too persistently withheld from him.

THE HISTORY OF LONDON.*

WE could not desire for young Londoners a more wholesome or pleasanter book than the little volume that Mr. Besant has made for them, chiefly out of his *London*, noticed here a few weeks ago. It has, perhaps, a rather ambitious title; but let that pass. It contains a good deal of history, and many delightful sketches of the life of Londoners in past days, beginning with the British settlement of Llyn-din, the Lake fortress, on the hill to the west of Walbrook. The varying fortunes of the city in early times are picturesquely described; its long decay after the Romans had left Britain, ending probably in the utter ruin of the once stately Augusta; its revival under the East Saxons; its second and brief period of desolation at the time of the Danish conquest; and Alfred's work of restoration, which almost entitles him to be called the founder of the city. In a series of "lessons"—surely never were lessons made more charming—or chapters Mr. Besant draws brightly-coloured pictures of the life of the citizens during the middle ages; their business, their religious observances, and their amusements; and, mindful that this life had a darker side, speaks, too, of the constant presence of epidemics, and the frequently recurring years of famine; and, above all, dwells on the City itself, where no one can be a better guide—its streets, churches, and houses, great and small. The

* *The History of London*. By Walter Besant. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1893.

three later epochs that he has chiefly treated are the reign of Elizabeth, the years of the Plague, the Fire and the rebuilding of London, and the first half of the eighteenth century; and he winds up with a clear account of the present system of its government. In these last sections—and, indeed, throughout the volume—there is much that others besides the young would do well to lay to heart; for, as he says, his book is meant to teach two lessons—"the respect that is due to the past, and the duty that is owed to the present."

As to the past, he would have Londoners learn to understand and take pride in their heritage, in the greatness and splendour of their city, in its story, and in the buildings that speak to them of the religion, magnificence, and public spirit of their predecessors. He more than once points out the folly of destroying things beautiful in themselves, or that have once been useful, whether churches, houses, or institutions, because they are not exactly in harmony with the tastes or requirements of the moment. If, he says, a thing is good in itself—if, that is, it has once done good or seemed beautiful—preserve it, for it is still capable of good, and if some change in it is really necessary may be altered so as to meet altered circumstances. As for the present, he would have his readers carry out their reverence for the past by actively doing their duty by their city and country; he exhorts them to value the privilege of self-government, and to exercise it thoughtfully and diligently, taking care to vote for the right man to represent them on the School Board, in the County Council, and in Parliament, and, above all things, to vote always. Some few matters in his book might, we think, be amended. In what he says about the relations of the Empress Matilda and Stephen with the Londoners he shows that he is not aware of the latest lights on the subject. His repeated assertion that in mediæval times everything was brought into the City by pack-horses, and that carts were not used, is also erroneous, though he supports it by saying that there is no mention of carts in a certain list of tolls of the reign of Edward I. If he had consulted the *Liber Custumarum*, a mine of information for the historian of London, he would have found that Edward I. remitted the prisage on carts, that in the same reign an ordinance was made about the size of the wheels of the London carts, and that carts were commonly used to bring food, and specially fish, into the City. Another statement that surprised us is that the Merchants of the Staple were exclusively foreigners, like the merchants of the Steelyard. Here and there we come on a point about which we are inclined to differ from Mr. Besant, as when he expresses his belief that the craftsmen had plenty of good food; but this, of course, is to some extent at least a matter of opinion. His book contains very little to find fault with and much to commend and enjoy. It is amply provided with well-selected illustrations.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

PER VENDETTA (1) is a story of Italian provincial life into which the exotic element—this time in the guise of a fabulously rich American family—has been pressed, for the sake of antithesis and for the better development of the goody-goody seed in Italian fiction. Not that the Transatlantic conquerors of Cordelia's little social kingdom are particularly saintly, for their *largesse* is a trifle vainglorious, and, like their hospitality, partly inspired by their determination to get to the top of the tree. They entertain splendidly not only the upper ten, but the poor of the anonymous town in whose finest palace—rebuilt, and refurnished up to date—they have pitched their luxurious tent; so that the means employed may be considered to have ennobled the end. Her intercourse with this family so ripens the mind and widens the horizon of the beautiful Renata Landucci, that she emancipates herself from the trammels of her caste, reads "Zola and Bourget," as well as the English novels that are so popular among the unemancipated, refuses the best matches in Italy, stakes small sums at Monte Carlo in a vain attempt to stifle a love that need not have been hopeless but for the cussedness that is often allied to goodness in fiction—else how would you get the equivalent of our own three-volume plot?—and succeeds in dying of cholera, after having saved as many lives as would have entitled her to take some care of her own, because otherwise there would have been no apotheosis. The improbabilities of this story are told with a naturalness and spontaneity which have long endeared the author of *Piccoli Eroi*, *I Nipoti di Barbabianca*, *Nel Regno delle Fate*, not only to the children for whom they were written, but to her many readers of all ages.

Anna Diaz loved her husband Cesare, who loved no one but himself, yet for choice preferred his sister-in-law, Laura Acquaviva,

(1) *Per Vendetta*. Romanzo di Cordelia. Milano: Fratelli Treves.

to his wife, who therefore shot herself with Cesare's own pocket-revolver—a jewel in steel and ivory—in the elaborately upholstered *petite maison* of her admirer, Luigi Caracciolo—a somewhat intricate vengeance to have been evolved from the simple mind of the dead heroine of *Castigo* (2). For the heroine is dead from the very first page of this romance, this essay in the Ideal of one whose strength lies in her firm grasp of the Real, whether morbid, as in *Fantasia*, or pathetic, as in *Terno Secco*, and whose charm in the direct appeal to the emotions of her instinctive knowledge of human nature, combined with a no less instinctive power of characterization. Nothing is real in this book but the corpse of Anna, swathed in her bridal veil, almost hidden under the burden of heavily scented waxen flowers; her cold loveliness, the fantastic luxury of her chamber, the remorse of the solitary watcher, the beginning of a love that is to be his chastisement—all illumined by a hundred mortuary candles that flicker in the soft south wind from the open window. It is impossible not to connect this finest passage in *Castigo* with a similar one in a very dissimilar book, the *Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, yet (despite such blemishes as “vivida e palpitante beltà della morte” in connexion with two little rigid white-shod feet) it is the only one in which there is a trace of the old glamour, of the old idealized realism, that has so often disarmed the carping critic and fired the enthusiasm of the uncritical.

The *Women of the Poems of Wagner* (3), as who should say the Women of Shakespeare or of Byron, the Beatrice and the Laura of Dante and Petrarch! by a worshipper, who, under the pseudonym of *Jolanda*, brings the newest, if not the latest, tribute to the cultus of the Master. *Jolanda* is fortunate in having so able an apologist as Signor Corrado Ricci. To whom we should scarcely dare reply, that the Women of Wagner are, may it please you, wooden and grotesque, considered otherwise than as vehicles of expression for some of the finest phrases of nineteenth-century music; but that in an able preface (somewhat pretentiously entitled *Preludio*), Signor Ricci, with as much eloquence as learning, enlarges upon Wagner's dictum of “Music in conjunction with all the Arts,” without giving undue prominence to the Master's achievements in the arts made subordinate by his genius to the one in which he excelled. The painter of *Monna Lisa* is not immortal because he fashioned the silver lute whereon he strummed with so much effect in bower and hall at Milan. Nero's immortality, enviable or otherwise, according to the humour of his historian, is not to be ascribed to his proficiency in amateur theatricals, nor that of Michael Angelo to a sonnet, nor—the list is as long as art and life is short. Too short to initiate us into a neo-Wagnerite persuasion which reveals the great musician as “an ideal poet of ideal loves,” *vide* dedication; yet with room in it and to spare for such definitions of art in general, and that of Wagner in particular, as are prefixed by Signor Ricci to *Jolanda's* pretty booklet.

The women of Ibsen pre-occupy Signor Alberto Boccardi, author of *La Donna nell'Opera di Henrik Ibsen* (4), who, after copious quotation from the opinions of Brahm, Zabel, Brandes, Jaeger, Emma Klingfeld, and others, comes to the conclusion that these abstractions are interesting types of human beings, worthy, with every thesis and every symbol of their creator, of the diligent study of his (Signor Boccardi's) compatriots. He incites them to study, but not to imitation, for “the Italian stage is not made for the pallid sphinxes of the North.”

Signor Carlo Guetta's four successful comedies (5)—*Chi arde incende*, a pleasant comedy of dialogue, void of action and guileless of plot; *In Toscana*, a step in advance, on the same lines; *Nome d'oro*, a dialogue, and *I Bertenghi*, a play of deeper dramatic interest—are published in one volume, with a prefatory essay on these works, the motive, aim, and value of plays in general, the relative positions of playwright, actor, and public, and the playwright's most necessary qualifications, by the veteran actor Signor Ernesto Rossi, who claims the undisputed right of “Forty-eight years of militant dramatic art” to say his say on the drama as a recreation and a social factor.

Two charming volumes for children by the Signora Giulia Marchi Lucci (6)—*Christopher Columbus and the Discovery of a New World*, a hundred and sixty pages, and the *Adventures of Don Quixote* in a hundred—illustrated by drawings and chromo-

lithographs. These narrow margins include every event of importance in the life of the great discoverer, and a most coherent and attractive account of the adventures of Cervantes's hero. Both stories are told with commendable simplicity and directness.

In a volume of essays, entitled *Ne odi ne amori* (7), the author of *L'Automa* discusses d'Annunzio, Sudermann, Ibsen, Mascagni, Carducci, other people's poetry and prose, the public and his critics, with his accustomed frankness. Signor Butti has not only the courage of opinions that may not commend themselves to all his readers; he has, from his own standpoint, very good reasons for maintaining them. These “Literary Divagations” are interesting as articles of faith, especially the chapter on the “Novel and the Moral,” in which the writer's personal grievances against those who are obtuse enough to differ from him, find vent.

Among educational books two useful grammars are noticeable—*Radici Sanscrite* (8), by the author of a *Crestomazia* and *Grammatica della lingua ebraica*. The work on Sanscrit roots was brought under the notice of the Oriental Congress, lately assembled in London, by the high praise of Professor d'Ascoli, who represented Italy.

In his third edition of the *Italian and English Conversation-Grammar* (9), Signor Perini introduces a method of indicating the double pronunciation of the letters “E,” “O,” “S,” and “Z” by dots which, without obscuring the text, is a great aid to pronunciation. This excellent grammar contains exercises on all the most important rules, dialogues in English and Italian, hints on Italian versification, extracts from Italian poetry, and a collection of proverbs, idioms, and sayings.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE are not quite certain when the “illustrated edition” to which M. Bergerat (1) refers of his humorous, or, as he prefers to call it, philosophical journey in Corsica was published. But it was quite worth while to republish the letter-press in a compact form, inasmuch as illustrated travels are wont to be a burden to the flesh, and only fit for drawing-room tables. It is possible that at first, or to curmudgeonly folk, M. Bergerat may appear a little too determined to be funny, and the preliminary charges on the adventures of his friend, M. Bonneau, with the elusory *mouflon*, as well as some of the subsequent hunts for that invisible beast, are perhaps a very little overwrought. But one soon falls into step with the author, and his book is, on the whole, very readable and pleasant. It is a record of a tour taken six years ago with Prince Roland Bonaparte and others; it contains something about Ajaccio, Bastia, Calvi, Bonifacio, &c., but much more about the country districts, the hills, the *maquis*, and so forth. M. Bergerat, as a good Frenchman, appears to have been a good deal troubled at the sightness of the connexion between France and Corsica, which latter island, he reminds us, England “once held, and still regrets.” We only wish the latter fact were true of England at large, as it undoubtedly is of a few thinking Englishmen. It is partly comic and partly melancholy to think of the number of other places which are in this respect in the same condition as Corsica—places which England once had and threw away, not being forced thereto, but in mere lightness of heart. The average Frenchman knows no geography and very little history, or he could hardly draw his favourite picture of the “corsair isle” annexing other people's property all over the world. We had Corsica, and gave it up. We had Minorca, and gave it up. We had Sicily, on which we conferred such prosperity as it had not known since the days of the Hohenstauffen; the inhabitants would have been only too happy if we had kept it, and we gave it up. We had the Ionian Islands, and gave them up. We have had at different times Havanna; the Philippines, which would be a mine of wealth to any but their actual possessors; Java, which has actually been a mine of wealth to the Dutch; and we gave them all up when there was nothing on earth to prevent our keeping them. We have had, now and again, almost every West Indian island which does not now fly the British flag. We have half a dozen times been in a position to abrogate the fishing rights which are such an intolerable nuisance in Newfoundland. But we gave them all away like wealthy men who care not what they give—and we have had about as much gratitude as the said wealthy men.

(2) *Castigo*. Romanzo di Matilde Serao. Torino: Francesco Casanova.
(3) *Le Donas dei poemi di Wagner*. Di Jolanda. Preludio di Corrado Ricci. Milano: Max Kantorowicz.

(4) *La Donna nell'Opera di Henrik Ibsen*. Di Alberto Boccardi. Milano: Max Kantorowicz.

(5) *Commedie di Carlo Guetta*. Con Prefazione di Ernesto Rossi. Livorno: coi tipi di B. Ortolli.

(6) *Cristoforo Colombo e la Scoperta del Nuovo Mondo*. *Avventure di Don Chisciotte della Mancia*. Di Giulia Marchi Lucci. Due volumi in 8vo, illustrati con disegni e cromolitografie. Milano: Paolo Carrara.

(7) *Ne odi ne amori*. Divagazioni letterarie. Di E. A. Butti. Milano: Fratelli Dumoulaud.

(8) *Radici Sanscrite*. Di Francesco Scerbo. Firenze: Loescher e Seeber.

(9) *An Italian Conversation-Grammar and Guide to Italian Composition*. N. Perini. London: Librairie Hachette.

(1) *La chasse au mouflon*. Par Emile Bergerat. Paris: De'agrave.

This, however, is a digression—not, indeed, without excuse—from M. Bergerat, who seems to hint that the Corsicans would be quite as well pleased to belong to England, and that in the way of national heroes they care more about Paoli than about Bonaparte. He does not often talk politics, and is evidently more at home with picturesque brigands, pretty girls, and the *peveronata*. He has some very odd matter about a supposed visit of Byron and Shelley to Corsica, and a storm in which the latter became a pious poltroon. But we like the receipt for the *peveronata*—an extinct dish—best. It is, or was, a sort of *bouillabaisse* made with trout, first cooked in oil and then *court-bouillonnée* in *vin du pays* with tomatoes, a little vinegar, plenty of garlic, and any quantity of pepper, both red and black. The prescription draws from M. Bergerat protests something like those which his ever-regretted father-in-law uttered over the Greenwich cookery; but it must be uncommonly good.

Le Duc Jean (2) is the history of an unfortunate young man who is held in leading-strings by his widowed mother, a lady who combines avarice, pride of birth, and domineering tendencies in a very unusual and amiable degree. Her carriage runs over an army pensioner, and Jean being despatched to make matters pleasant (for the mob behaves rudely to the aristocrats) falls in with the pensioner's beautiful and virtuous daughter. The plot must be sufficiently posed for the intelligent reader, who will further not be surprised to meet the inevitable good-hearted and rough-mannered doctor, the scheming venal poor relations with whom "Gyp" has familiarized us, and the Tonquin dénouement. A little *connu* the Tonquin dénouement; but let us not be hypercritical. *Mon chevalier* (3) and *Cœur fermé* (4) belong to a series which is ticketed *pour les jeunes femmes*. The intention, we are sure, was most excellent; of the execution and its probable results we can hardly speak with equal confidence. M. Gabriel Frany's *Mon chevalier* is, we presume, meant to be a picture of pure romance, marriage for love, and pathetic widowhood. We are afraid that others besides the typical *jeune femme* who wants to indemnify herself for a long course of milk-and-water will find it frightfully insipid, and even a little silly. *Cœur fermé* is better; but the whole scheme of this "warranted virtuous" literature is wrong and mischievous—almost as wrong as, and not probably less mischievous than, the "warranted vicious" division. *La folle du logis* (5) is a far better book, perfectly "honest," but without any *affiche* of being so, and written with an eye to the actual world. Count Rzewuski's *Déborah* (6) deals with that late-discovered, but fertile, field of unfamiliar life and manners, Galicia.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

PRIMITIVE Music, by Richard Wallaschek (Longmans & Co.), is described as "an inquiry into the origin and developments of music, songs, instruments, dances, and pantomimes of savage races." Mr. Wallaschek, in brief, treats of music as an ethnologist. He has collected a prodigious amount of material from the writings of travellers and men of science, some thirty pages of his book being composed of the mere titles of books he has consulted and cited. Every page of his volume contains references at the foot to the vast army of authorities quoted, not infrequently to the number of a dozen or more. The facts given in the text appear to us to call for more illustration, or confirmation, or application to the theme in hand than Mr. Wallaschek is able or willing to supply. They appear in many instances to be shot out with a prodigality that is simply confusing. There is, in fact, a congestion of statements in many a page of the book such as demands a more exact method of arrangement than the author permits himself. The student who would utilize the interesting extracts the author has collected concerning what others have recorded of the songs, dances, and musical instruments of primitive races must be possessed of great assimilative powers and no little patience. Despite the non-literary habit of the writer, however, this is a suggestive treatise, and deals with various questions of importance in a spirit of frank and independent inquiry. That savages are much more gifted in musical aptitude than some modern authorities are willing to admit is a general conclusion of Mr. Wallaschek's treatise which we think is well founded. It is a mistake to assume, from their occasional insensibility to the music of civilized nations, that savages are lacking in musical ability. European observers are apt to forget that they are prejudiced by custom and training, and as little likely to report with justice on the music of African tribes as

those African tribes are likely to be unprejudiced hearers of a modern orchestra. Insensibility to music is extremely rare among primitive races. Indeed, the absolutely earless person, such as Lamb described himself, is the product of a highly civilized people, and perhaps the most finished result of their development. In this sense music is, in truth, the oldest of things. Rousseau thought that no primitive people had any conception of harmony. Accordingly, harmony, in his opinion, was confined to the nations of Northern Europe, and was a Gothic invention. Mr. Wallaschek quotes many examples that tend to show that neither harmony nor the germs of counterpoint are entirely unknown to "primitive nations." We agree with his conclusion that the influence of music is far more distinctly noticeable—and, we would add, far more general as a racial quality—among primitive folk than among civilized people. There is much evidence of this truth collected by Mr. Wallaschek, and it is but one of several interesting questions discussed in his treatise.

Mr. G. E. Street's *Miniatures and Moods* (Nutt) is made up of specimens of the essay in small proportions in which perfection, on Jonsonian authority, is not unattainable. Mr. Street's essays being for the most part free from what the writer calls the curse of cleverness, which we take to be at its worst the assertion of mere smartness, are pleasant reading and marked by a sprightly manner. The gallant figures of Restoration wits and poets are portrayed neatly in the miniatures of Mr. Street.

Stanhurst, by Elizabeth M. Alford (Barrett), is an agreeable story of what may be called the domestic type of fiction, the charm of which lies in the freshness of atmosphere that pervades the narrative. Miss Alford delights in presenting a homely little drama of the course of true love, and gains our interest and sympathy by her artistic handling of quite ordinary, yet always attractive, themes. In the present story she shows a healthy distaste for extravagance of any kind, and makes no clamorous appeals to those who care only for excitement of the sensational kind. The young people in *Stanhurst* are cleverly sketched and delightfully true to nature.

Clamorous, in a sense, is not a little of the lyrical style of *Songs, Measures, Metrical Lines*, by Jean Carlyle Graham (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) Here is a "Song of the Ides of March," for example, in celebration of a not long-past event—"At Apia Bay, 1889"—which falls into Nat Lee's vein, when Lee would be lyrical:—

Hail, glad Columbia! Shed tears of an extasate pride,
Mother of heroes! you cheer wakes an echo world-wide.
Teuton! American! Briton! Samoan! ye are one—
Brothers of Death's mighty Conqueror, Kin to God's Son!

Kaisers and Presidents, Statesmen! proud makers of Law!
Ye that cram souls, living souls, in Ambition's wide maw!
Look to your disciplined dare-devils dashed on the reef,
Dead at their duty—your work—as thieves watching a thief.

Scarcely less rousing, though in another fashion, is Mr. James D. Law, who with *Dreams o' Hame; and other Scotch Poems* (Gardner) offers "a few experiments in English verse," with a preface notable for the exquisite and original composition of verse written as prose. "It is not every poet," this poem concludes, "that can cope with rhymes below the surface of his rhymes; between the lines a tale is often spun, but underneath the lines—ah, there's the fun!" It seems, according to the author, that there is a cryptogram coiled somewhere beneath the lines of this facetious volume, the discovery of which a too-painful search for the fun has possibly prevented. Mr. Law's humour is exceedingly ponderous both in its native dialect and its curiously foreign English. One historical fact we are grateful for. Mr. Law appears to have drawn from Mr. Gladstone a clear acknowledgment of his place of birth, in response to the gift of a dreadful paraphrase in Scots of Psalm I. Courteously thanking the poet for his "interesting paraphrase," Mr. Gladstone writes, "As to the small matter of my nationality the facts are clear. I was born in Liverpool. My father and mother and all my forbears were Scotch exclusively."

Mr. Gascoigne Mackie's *Poems, Dramatic and Democratic* (Elliot Stock), comprise some wild and fitful lyrics and a "Democratic Chant," a tremendous effusion, as the verses here following will show:—

The poet's heart shall not ache for the ways and the days of
the dead,
For the present shall thrill and exalt him when knowledge and
love have wed,
No more shall his bosom heave like a salt and a homeless sea,
Plunging in desolate search of the shores of eternity,
Nor shatter in cynical spray 'gainst the flocks of the world's
cold face,
Nor batten and waste on the drift of the wash of the common-
place.

(2) *Le Duc Jean*. Par P. Perret et Félix Cohen. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *Mon chevalier*. Par Gabriel Frany. Paris: Colin.

(4) *Cœur fermé*. Par C. Troussart. Paris: Colin.

(5) *La folle du logis*. Par F. de Julliot. Paris: Kolb.

(6) *Déborah*. Par le Comte Stanislas Rzewuski. Paris: Ollendorff.

To cram "living souls" into Ambition's "maw" is scarcely less incomprehensible to the physiological sense than are these overpowering lines. Mr. Mackie's "Song of the Wanderer's Return" (p. 101) is even more terrific:—

Hell, pack your fading fires,
Stars, freeze your worst;
I'll quench my deep desires,
I'll see my lady first.
I come, I come.

After these effulgent examples of the minor bard, *The Dread Voyage* (Toronto: Briggs), a volume of poems by William Wilford Campbell, is like an invitation to calm and sanity. Mr. Campbell is not, indeed, a singer of flawless songs. He writes, for instance, of Sir Lancelot and the "strong, wine-like splendour of his face," yet he shows a genuine feeling for the romantic element in old themes and a fair command of metrical skill. In "The Last Ride," a poem with a marginal gloss, like that to *The Ancient Mariner*, Mr. Campbell reveals considerable visionary power and the artist's sense of proportion.

Common Room Carols, by M. T. P. (Oxford: Alden & Co.), is a collection of parodies of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Swinburne, the late Poet Laureate, Mr. G. R. Sims, and others, none of which can be ranked among the finest specimens of the art of parody. The Kipling ballads show a neat, but not a deep, skill in simulation, and of the best of the rest it must be said that their cleverness is of the surface rather than of the spirit.

Like her previous little book on Jupiter, Miss Ellen Clerke's monograph *The Planet Venus* ("Knowledge" Office) appears opportunely, for Venus will be most favourably visible this autumn for observation, shining throughout November and December with unusual brilliancy. Thus the amateur astronomer should find himself prepared, provided with the excellent and compact guidance of Miss Clerke's book; and amateur observers of another kind, should the planet swim into their ken some evening with startling effect, may pause, with their guide at hand, before they write wonderful letters to the papers about "a new star." Miss Clerke, by the way, writes a delightful chapter on "The Star of Bethlehem" which caused such a flutter among the amateur letter-writers of the press in 1887.

Mr. Henry L'Estrange's *Platonia* (Bristol: Arrowsmith) is "a tale of other worlds," and is not particularly moving, though less deficient in imaginative power than stories of the kind usually are in these times.

A trifle too obvious is the humour of *The Phraseology of Golf*, illustrated by G. B. W. (Simpkin & Co.), and a long way after Hood.

With respect to *A Practical Method of Dress Cutting*, by E. M. F. Carlisle (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), we can only repeat the assurance given in the preface—"this system of Dress cutting has been worked out on the simplest plan possible." Clearness and exactitude, certainly, appear to characterize the method of the work, of which the first Part—for adults—is before us. The diagrams that illustrate the book are perfectly intelligible, like the system of measurements adopted by the author.

We have also received *The Martyrdom of Society*, by Quillim Ritter (Horace Cox); *The Hermit of Muckross*, by Denys Wray (Sonnenschein & Co.); *The Flight into Egypt*, meditations of Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich, translated from the French by George Richardson (Burns & Oates); *The Christian Socialist*, poems, by W. Herbert Thomas (Penzance: Rodda); *The Art of Chanting*, by John Heywood (Clowes & Sons); *Notes on English Grammar*, by Lionel W. Lyde, M.A. (Methuen & Co.); *Justice for England*, by "a plain Tory" (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *The Anatomy of Misery*, by John C. Kenworthy (Reeves); *The Skin, and How to Keep it Healthy*, by Morgan Dockrell, M.D. (Renshaw); *The Behring Sea Arbitration*, reprinted from the *Times* (Clowes & Sons); and *How to Go and What to See in Western Switzerland* (Jura-Simplon Railway Agency).

Major Edge has written to us to point out that, in our review of his "History of the Royal Marine Forces" (September 16), we erroneously attributed to him the statement that the Admiral's Regiment was merged into the Buffs. On reference to pp. 300, 301 of Major Edge's book, we find that we misunderstood him, and are glad to correct the error.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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